IN EVERY ENGLISHMAN'S HOME

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 30. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING MAY 29, 1909. ONE PENNY.

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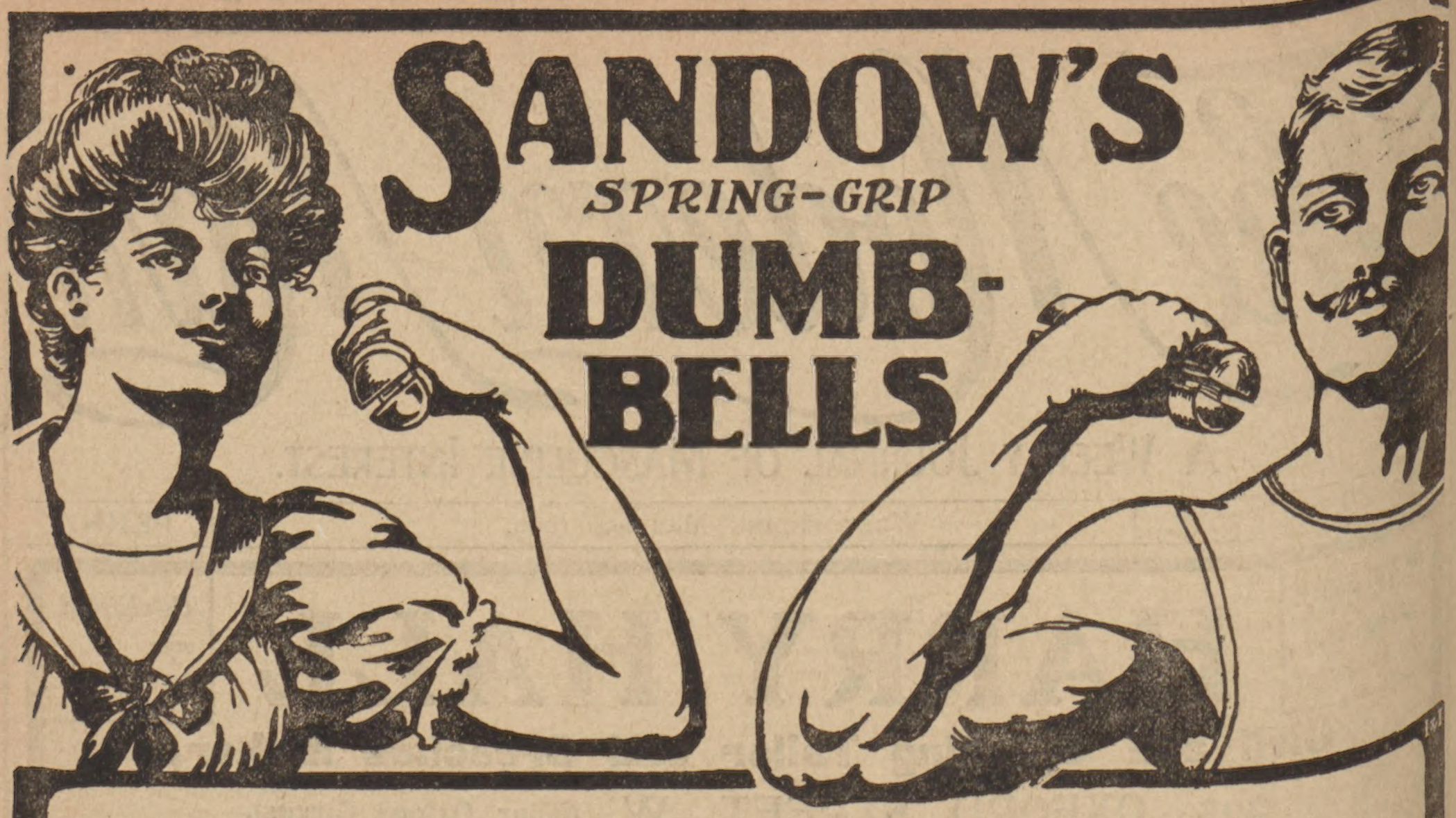

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 30. WEEK ENDING MAY 29TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

PLEASE YOURSELF.

A MEETING AND A THOUGHT.

Not very long ago there got into my railway carriage a man who was on his way home from a day's hunting.

He was wearing an immaculate silk hat, highly polished tops, fashionably cut rainproof coat and all the other appurtenances of the man who follows the hounds.

Most obviously he was a gentleman, a man who had been accustomed to this sort of thing from the days of his youth onwards.

He was clean-shaven, with a ruddy—almost a terra-cotta—face, and he had pale blue, thoughtful eyes.

Though dressed in horsey kit, he could not be mistaken for a racing man. He was a man who rode horses himself, not one who betted on horses ridden by other people. He was pretty well my ideal of an English sportsman.

His clothes were all of the finest quality and he had with him a suit case which was heavily silver-mounted. He appeared to be a man of substance.

I give these details because they will bear me out in the assertions I am about to make, and because they contrasted so strongly with something else which he brought into the carriage.

It was a sack of the commonest kind, and on it had at some time been stencilled the letters "CEMENT."

I do not know what was in the sack, for the mouth of it was tied. It may have held dead foxes, the spoils of his sport—remember that I am not a hunting man and do not know whether the foxes killed are eaten or buried beneath gooseberry bushes. It may have contained chips of the fences which his horse knocked off in taking them badly. It does not matter to me what was inside the bag. That bag was the property of a gentleman, and you thought him none the less a gentleman because he had it with him and because it bore the word "CEMENT."

To look at his face, you could see he was thoroughly happy, satisfied with himself, courteous and kind. He was pretty well the sort of man that some day I should like to become. He had gone through life and had learned its lessons. They had not made him harder but had tempered with sympathy a character probably good at the outset.

He pleased himself. It was his good pleasure to carry with him a bag labelled "CEMENT," and he seemed none the less a gentleman for doing so.

In fact I thought all the more of him.

I have learned a lesson from him. In many matters where once I bowed to the edicts of conventionality, I now please myself. There is an impression that to do the right thing and to be respected, you must necessarily go on the hackneyed lines; it is not really necessary. If you have force of character you can please yourself in minor points, and by doing so you add to the joys of life and eliminate its sorrows.

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R. SLATER.

CHEEK.

In France they have been making a good deal of fuss about the "Joan of Arc Standard," which was lately presented to the Bishop of Orleans. Here we are more concerned with the Government's Noah's Ark standard—for the Navy.

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We notice in a well-known weekly an article entitled "A Songstress who Washes." Is she then so very singular?

* * * * * * *

The latest move of the Suffragettes is to chain themselves to statues of eminent men. We scarcely think that the practice is likely to encourage mortality among living celebrities.

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Distillers complain that the Budget has scotched their Scotch trade.

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In a recent divorce case the best man at the wedding was co-respondent. "Never introduce your donah to a pal!"

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For all their professions to the contrary, Liberals also were hard taskmasters. Since Mr. Lloyd George announced the income tax rebate of £10 for every child under sixteen, poor Cupid has been working overtime, and he really needs a rise in salary.

* * * * * * *

The Budget has brought to light an astonishing number of altruists. Countless brewers, distillers, and tobacco manufacturers have written to the Press protesting against the new taxes, not because they are personally affected by them—oh, dear, no—but because of the disastrous effect they will have on the country. In fact, the tender hearts of these altruists bleed for their country. Mr. Lloyd George, we understand, means that their pockets shall also bleed for their country.

* * * * * * *

A pig was recently found straying at Colchester, and the Cattle Market Committee forthwith passed the following resolution: "Resolved that the town clerk communicate with the offender, warning him against committing any offence in future." The pig, we hear, expressed the deepest penitence, and is much upset by the occurrence—in fact, he feels quite disgruntled.

* * * * * * *

Thank goodness, the best interests of British sport are in safe hands! By a majority of sixty-two votes to twenty-five *in a non-party division* the House of Lords has rejected a Bill to stop the coursing of rabbits, the shooting of pigeons let out of a trap, and the hunting of carted deer. The native nobility of the House of Lords is only equalled by the purity of its sporting instincts.

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Lord Charles Beresford recommends us to "get back to the good old British style." Let him lead the way, and not blow so much, telling us one week that the Navy is rotten and the next that there is no need for panic.

NORMAN FRASER.

GOOD COMPANY.

Friendship's the wine of life.—YOUNG.

When a man says that he has been in good company, he means a lot—to him. Exactly what he implies by the expression depends upon his particular cast of mind.

The mild young man considers a party of old maids drinking tea, and doing other most dissipated things of a similar character, to be the most excellent company.

The fast young man considers no company good unless every individual of it can put down so many glasses or so many bottles without turning a hair.

There are other types who demand different kinds of company, but in these we have two sufficiently divergent for us to work upon.

Let us take it that you come betwixt and between, that you are neither milk and water nor brandy neat.

You want to find good company, for that is absolutely essential for happiness. If a man spends all his spare time in solitude, he would soon become, if not mad, certainly eccentric, and his views on life would be twisted. Therefore the man of sense looks out—generally without thinking about it at all—for company which he considers good for his purposes. But he does not always realise his ideals.

Some men spend a lot of money and waste a lot of time in seeking for good company, and yet fail to secure the slightest satisfaction, because they do not go the right way to work. They get company of a sort, but it is not the company that they really need.

What then is the essential quality of good company? It is intense sympathy.

The dry-as-dust professor finds most excellent company in men like himself; they need not be engaged in the same line of research as he is, but they must be ardent scholars.

The keen Territorial, who wants not only to wear the uniform but also to be a thorough soldier, finds in his comrades the very best of company, for their hearts are set on like objects.

The member of an athletic club, whether it be for cycling, swimming or any other sport, finds amongst his fellow members the very best of company, because they like what he likes.

If you are one of the solitary and if at last your eyes have been opened to the need for company and companionship, make use of the experience which I have learned with years and with bitterness. Make friends with men like yourself; if you choose others you will only be terribly disappointed.

Not being keen on your pursuits, they cannot participate with you in them, and such a friendship is a half-and-half affair.

If you are of an athletic turn of mind, have only athletes for friends; if you are studious chum up with others like yourself. They say that opposites attract, but, so far as my experience goes, they jolly soon repel.

F. LYDON.

SHAM SPORT

AN INSULT TO EVERY ENGLISHMAN.

The Lords have thrown out the "Spurious Sports" bill, and, if anything were needed to prove the absolute uselessness of that House, here you have it.

Clever men they do not pretend to be, but we had always hoped that our Peers were sportsmen. We have trusted and tolerated them because of our faith in their professional liking for "playing the game," an ideal inculcated in them individually at their public schools and universities.

That the majority of them are not true sportsmen is proved conclusively by their rejection of this bill, which had the support of every Englishman worth the name.

It is damnably to their discredit that such a measure should not have been passed unanimously.

THE SPORT OF COWARDS.

It is damnably to our discredit as a nation that there should be any necessity, still less an urgent necessity, for the legal suppression of such a horrid travesty of sport as hunting the carted deer, coursing the defenceless rabbit, and shooting the trapped pigeon.

Opinions may differ as to the cruelty of fox and otter hunting, and other forms of sport, but there can be no two opinions as to the revolting cruelty and total absence of the faintest spark of sport in hunting the carted deer.

The fox or otter has his chance of life, on the whole a fair chance. He is on his own ground; he is in full possession of his strength and faculties; he has all the advantages of a wild animal over man, and he is generally given a fair run for his life.

But the carted deer is kept in captivity until he is soft and out of condition. Then he is taken to a strange country and turned out blinking and shivering into what must be to him a world full of unknown terrors.

TERROR AND BEWILDERMENT.

His natural instinct then is not to fly, but to turn to the humans to whom he has grown accustomed, from whose hands he has fed. But they drive him away; they prod and halloa him into a shambling trot. Now fear grips him, and fain would he fly. But how or whither can he fly? He is soft, and stiff, and short of wind from captivity; even if he had his full strength and speed what would it avail him? He is as lost, as bewildered as if he were in the middle of Piccadilly.

He knows of no possible haven of refuge; unknown terrors confront him at every turn. He is doomed and he knows it.

He flees blindly, madly, dying a thousand deaths. Sometimes, as lately happened, he impales himself on railings, and is slowly worried to death. Lucky indeed if he dies, however painfully, instead of being recaptured to provide another day's "sport."

The followers of this "sport," what of them? Well, for one thing, for all their elaborate get-up, for all their expensive horse-flesh, you could never by any chance mistake them for gentlemen and sportsmen.

They are obviously vulgar cads and bounders, parvenus, successful shopkeeper's sons who have got the old man's vulgarity without his brains, disgusting bullies and impostors—not men at all, just swine.

No decent sportsman would be seen in the same field with them, and their equestrian performances are enough to make a cat laugh. But there is no mirth about hunting the carted deer.

And to the eternal shame of English womanhood be it said that English women attend these ghastly functions.

I am not a sentimentalist; I do not object to women in genuine sport; I like to see a lady in the hunting field riding well to hounds.

But it is one thing to hunt a wild animal in its natural state; it is a very different and dastardly thing to take an animal from captivity and turn it loose to be hunted.

Women who hunt the carted deer cannot be sportsmen; they cannot even be decent women; they are unworthy of any self-respecting person's acquaintanceship. But perhaps they are sufficiently punished by the company of the dreadful bounders with whom they associate.

THE DUTY OF THE PUBLIC.

If Parliament will not put down hunting the carted deer, public opinion should do it, and could do it.

The man who shows wanton cruelty to horse, dog, or other animal in the streets is pretty sure of being pulled up by onlookers and frequently gets a well-deserved man-handling.

I am sure that the "sportsmen" who hunt the carted deer would be made both physically and morally cleaner by a bath in the nearest pond.

The caddish and unsportsmanlike rich, however, have no monopoly of vile and degraded sports.

Rabbit-coursing, which is becoming all too much the favourite "sport" of the working-man, is every whit as objectionable and sportless as hunting the carted deer. The rabbit has no real chance of its life; it is released from captivity to be coursed, and it is even more of a domestic animal than the tame deer.

It is a rotten bad national symptom when large bodies of the manhood of the nation are to be found following anything so absolutely devoid of any of the elements of genuine sport as rabbit coursing.

Of course, it is followed not for sport, but for the gambling of which it is made the instrument.

ROUGH ON THE BIRDS.

Live pigeon-shooting is rapidly declining in this country, public opinion being strongly against it, but on the other hand game-shooting is in some aspects becoming a spurious sport.

Anyway, there seems to be mighty little real sport in shooting hand-fed pheasants which have to be prodded into flight, or are turned out from captivity only to be shot the next day.

The truth, of course, is that many modern sportsmen shoot only for the bag and the London market, and want everything made as easy as possible for them.

I must confess, too, that I have never been able to see much real sport in shooting driven grouse. Granted that a driven grouse is uncommonly hard to hit, you have not hunted it, you have not pitted your woodcraft against its own, you have not made the opening for your shot, it has been made for you.

What would an angler say if it were proposed that he should bring his fish alive with him, hook them, then cast them into the water, and proceed to play and land them? Yet in many modern forms of sport something very similar is done. The quarry or game is practically captured before the chase begins.

The Lords have failed to suppress these barbarities, but we have something stronger than they to fall back upon—the good feeling of British sportsmen. If the public voice be once raised against spurious sports they will disappear, even though they still remain legal.

NORMAN CHEYNE.

ETIQUETTE.

XII. SMOKES.

Times have changed since the lady novelist's hero used to throw away his priceless Stinkadora Furioso whenever the heroine came within a quarter of a mile of him—which, after all, if we know anything of the cigars smoked by the average lady novelist's hero, was a humane action, deserving of a putty medal.

Seriously, men are now allowed great latitude in the matter of smoking in the presence of ladies; even my lady's drawing-room or boudoir is no longer sacred from the fumes of tobacco, to which she herself often contributes.

It is still, however, more than possible for a man to show his good breeding, or want of it, as a smoker, and the first point to remember is never to abuse the privilege of smoking in the company of ladies, and never to take for granted a permission, which it is still a lady's prerogative to grant.

In other words, you should never "light up" when a lady is present without first asking her permission, no matter how well you may know her, or whether you happen to be in your smoking domain—that is, in smoking carriage, smoking-room or other place especially set apart for smokers.

A lady does not forfeit the courtesy due to her sex by coming into a place where men smoke. Certainly, as regards railway smoking carriages, women are very annoying in the way they selfishly or stupidly crowd into them when there is plenty of room in "non-smokers," and there is no need in such a case for men who are already smoking to extinguish their pipes or cigars. But often a man will find himself alone with one or more ladies in a smoking compartment, and then he should ask permission before lighting up or continuing to smoke. This may sound a trifle old-fashioned, but wherever ladies are concerned it is better to err on the side of politeness than to enforce your strict rights as a smoker.

I am also old-fashioned enough to think that a man should never smoke a pipe when with ladies out-of-doors. Of course, if you are out in the country, picnicking, boating, or indulging in other informal pastime, a pipe is all right, but in town I do not like to see a man smoking a pipe in the streets when accompanied by ladies.

The unforgivable crime, however, is for a man to retain pipe, cigar, or cigarette in his mouth when bowing to or speaking with a lady. Yet this most ill-bred habit seems to me from personal observation to be on the increase.

Anyway, I continually notice men raising their hats to ladies or conversing with them while retaining pipe, or other "smoke" in their lips. It looks extremely ugly, and is in every way a most offensive breach of courtesy.

If you are dining out, going to a dance or other social function, don't smoke right up to the last moment before entering your host's house. Smokers, of course, do not notice any odour of tobacco about themselves or other smokers, but having once been debarred from tobacco for a considerable period—no, I was not in gaol, I was ill—I know that smokers are not all lavender to non-smokers, and to arrive at a dinner-party or a dance simply reeking of tobacco is not good form. In conclusion, a few don'ts:

Don't forget to remove the band from your cigar, if it has one.

Don't smoke your own tobacco, cigars, or cigarettes in preference to your host's.

Don't blow rings, or do other smoking tricks likely to attract attention to yourself, in public.

Don't regard an intimation that smoking is not allowed as an invitation at once to light up.

Don't enter a man's business office smoking; for all you know he may be a non-smoker, or object to smoking in business hours.

Don't walk or sit out of doors on the windward side of a friend who is not smoking.

E. H. HILL.

WILD OATS

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

The interruption came like a thunderbolt.

Norman Dark was rattling out a gay tune on the piano; Trixie, devil-may-care Trixie, was executing her notorious step dance on the dining-table, the high heels of her patent-leather shoes scratching the veneer from the rosewood mercilessly; Dick Flair with his latest flame Maisie was behind a screen kissing her audibly in time with the music; and Frank Wray, their host, was outstretched on a sofa, singing at the top of his voice. That was the situation, when Phelps opened the door and announced Mrs. Wray.

A little old lady entered the room, and stood looking about her with a bewildered expression. She was wearing a black cape and a bonnet, and one glance at her was enough to tell that the country had claimed most of her life.

Frank sat up transfixed. What was his mother doing here when rightly she should be a hundred and fifty miles away? And at eleven o'clock at night!

Norman's hands came down on the keys with a discordant bang, and then Frank heard Trixie's shrill voice uplifted.

"My word! What's blown in!"

With a stifled curse he turned and glared at her.

"Oh, Frankie!" said Mrs. Wray. "Then you're not ill?"

She came forward rather trembling and reaching up her hands pulled his head down and kissed him.

"Frankie!" exclaimed Trixie in a stage whisper of derision, and she struck a coster attitude and eyed the mother and son from her eminence.

Dick and Maisie came from behind the screen, curious and rather shame-faced.

"Ill?" said Frank. "What on earth made you think I was ill? Never better in my life. Er, you can see that by the fun we're having."

His attempted ease did no credit to his histrionic powers, but his mother displayed nothing but relief.

"Never mind, now," she said. "I'm a foolish old thing. Let me know your friends."

The introductions were made, with conspicuous awkwardness on the young people's side till Trixie was reached. She was doing an impatient little dance to herself and humming.

Frank's eyes pleaded for her to come off the table, and behave herself. No one ever knew what Trixie was going to do next, perhaps not even herself.

Everybody understood that Frank was infatuated with her, and she had appeared to reciprocate the feeling until his success. Frank had written a novel, the *risqué* character of which had, vulgarly speaking, hit the British public in the eye. Its success had been stupendous.

But since then, instead of displaying an increased anxiety to help him spend his money, Trixie had treated him with unaccountable waywardness.

Now, when Frank presented his mother, she nodded familiarly, said "How de do," and went on with her miniature dance.

Gentle as was her nature Mrs. Wray's man**ner stiffened perceptibly, and she moved away to** the sofa and seated herself uprightly.

"Now, Norman," called Trixie, "give us the 'Merry Widow' waltz. Come on, Frankie, and show your mother what you can do."

She jumped off the table with a great swishing of skirts, and approached Frank, a strange smile on her face.

"Don't be a fool!" he said angrily, avoiding her.

Mrs. Wray started. That manner of addressing women was unknown to her.

Trixie turned to her with an expression of exaggerated reproach.

"Now, isn't that too bad of him. I assure you, Mrs. Wray, the way your Frankie and I do that dance is more famous in some places than his book."

Something cold struck into Mrs. Wray's heart, but she fixed her eyes steadily on the flushed face of the girl.

"I don't know what the dance is like," she said quietly. "Perhaps you and Frank will show me."

Trixie swayed round towards Frank, her eyes half shut, and he recoiled from her.

"What's the matter?" said his mother sharply.

Her son looked at her for a second, then dropped his glance sulkily.

"I think," said Trixie with a thin little laugh, "you'd better not inquire too closely."

Mrs. Wray stood up, a little old lady in black, on her face an expression of nameless dread.

"Frank," she said. "What is it about your treatment of your friends that you're ashamed of?"

Dark, in the act of coming forward to excuse himself and get out of this, stopped. As if with mutual aversion Maisie and Dick moved a little farther apart. Only Trixie seemed unmoved.

"Now, Frankie dear," she taunted, "own up."

She never dreamed that he would. She was scoring off him against his mother because purity and cleanliness emanated from the little old lady like the odour from a flower.

But some latent spirit of courage stirred in the son, subdued as his courage had become by unchecked satisfaction of his appetites. He looked his mother full in the face, his eyes anguished.

"The dance was indecent," he said.

Her eyes opened wide.

And immediately on the confession came again the shrill voice of Trixie, dictated by Heaven-knows-what remnant of pride.

"It's a lie!"

Before a minute had passed the guests had gone and Frank was alone with his mother.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Wray sat down, her thin white hands clasped on her lap. The son wandered away and helped himself to a whisky-and-soda mechanically. In the silence the hiss of the soda as it plunged into the glass was oppressively loud.

His mother watched him as he drank.

There was no trace of resentment in her eyes, merely a great wonderment.

Frank saw the look, and his hand began to tremble.

He filled his glass again, this time standing between her and the syphon, so that she should not see.

He felt that his nerves required to be steadied, but the whisky seemed to have lost all effect.

Mrs. Wray began to speak. The voice was dry and unnatural, and she gazed straight before her as if watching something at a distance. He dropped into a chair by the table and played with his glass.

"I know I haven't much right," she said. "I know that men have a side to their life that—that few women see. It's difficult for me to speak about. Your—father would have known what to say if he'd lived."

"If he'd lived!" said the son. "Thank God he didn't live to see me shame you."

She did not turn at this—his realisation of what it meant to her, but went on in the dry, dead voice.

"You will wonder why I came to see you. Last night I was awake a long time, something inside me insisting and insisting that you were ill, or that some danger threatened you. I couldn't get rid of it. All this morning I fought against it, and this afternoon. But it wouldn't go. Then I suddenly made up my mind to come and see you. Even if it was only a foolish fancy, I should see you."

She stopped.

"You see, you hadn't been home since that book made you famous six months ago. I didn't mind that. I knew that for a little while your mind would be full of other things."

He groaned.

"But I've always had a sort of belief that when two beings love each other very much there is an underlying sympathy between them that can annihilate distance. And I thought your heart was calling mine. I was wrong, wasn't I?"

She looked at him at last. He would have given anything for her to show some feeling, but this calm acceptance of their severed relations was damnable.

"I would rather have found you ill," she added, and then was silent.

"Mother," he said, getting up and going over to her. "Listen a minute."

He sat by her and took one of her hands. It was cold and limp.

"You don't understand," he said quietly. "We're fools, all we young men, till we've sown our wild oats. And it's small enjoyment, too. When we get out in the cleanliness of the country and our blood gets healthily warmed we look back on this sort of thing, not altogether with loathing, but with surprise. We don't know how it could have amused us. We play the fool from habit, and because others do, not because it's natural to us. Take Trixie,now. She appeals to the baser part of me, and strongly, when I'm with her; but once I'm away from her——"

His hands went out in a contemptuous gesture. Then he leaned forward and scrutinised her face, seeking the effect of his argument.

With a shock he realised she had not heard a word he said. Her eyes were fixed, and the lips were moving gently as if she were whispering to herself.

"Mother!" he said, shaking her arm.

Her head vibrated as if it were loose.

"Mother," he said in a sweat of agony, "can't you hear me? It's Frankie, your son. Your son that loves you. Oh, I've been a fool, a degraded fool. But they haven't touched the part of me that belongs to you. Look at me! Don't you remember you used to say you loved me best when I was miserable. Mother! I'm very miserable now. I can't bear you to sit there, looking like death. What is it? Aren't you well? Never mind this trouble. Let's sit very close together and talk as we used to do."

Fighting the horrible fear that was stealing over him, he suited his action to the words and put one arm round her shoulder and drew her towards him.

"You always wanted me to marry a dear, honest girl who thought love, and home, and children were enough for a woman's life. And I used to tell you I would when I found one just like you, didn't I? Well, I haven't, mother, so you ought to forgive what I do till then. . .

"Mother! don't lean against me as if you were *dead!*"

But she did—and she was.

HOW TO EXCEL AT RIFLE SHOOTING

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO TERRITORIALS.

You can't learn to handle a gun in a day, any more than you can learn to pull an oar or swing a golf-club.

It may look very easy at first—you simply lie down, point the gun in the direction of the target, and pull the trigger. Very true, but you are as likely as not to hit the next target but six, if you start on those lines.

The beginner who wants to do any good with a rifle has much to learn before he ever fits a full-charge cartridge into the breech, and the more eager he is to disport himself upon the range without proper preparation, the slower will be his progress towards efficiency, for he will get disheartened, and be liable to funk letting off the rifle.

Let it be understood that the following tips are only intended for the beginner. They may be useful—some of them, at least—to those of my readers who are already practised shots, but they must forgive me for inserting some which are not new to them. Many a new member of a rifle club fails to become anything more than a mediocre shot simply for want of a few timely hints at the start, as to position and the many details that go to make up "style."

A TIP FOR AIMING PRACTICE.

If the "tyro" belongs to a corps or club which possesses some appliance for aiming practice such as a sub-target machine, he starts with a great advantage, but aiming drill, in order to gain a good position and a steady hold, is within the reach of anyone without the help of a £50 machine.

An excellent idea both to test the steadiness, and to give interest to what is otherwise apt to develop into a rather monotonous proceeding, is to get a pal to balance a penny on the muzzle of the rifle, just in front of the foresight, when you are ready to aim.

When the penny remains in position, and your sights remain aligned on the target, after you have pulled the trigger, you may be sure that you are possessed of a fairly steady hold.

This is an excellent method, even for the old hand, of keeping in practice during the winter months, if he has no means of getting practice with the miniature rifle or Morris tube.

Another point to which it is worth while paying some attention is your "pull." Many would-be marksmen simply pull their trigger towards the shoulder with one finger.

THE CORRECT PULL.

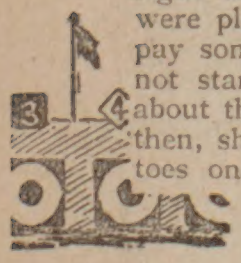
Now that is all wrong; it simply unsteadies your aim, and gives you no control over the rifle with the right hand, which should do most of the holding, the left being used simply as a cushion to support the stock.

I want you to treat your gun as if it were an automatic try-your-grip machine. The trigger must be pressed, not pulled, and the thumb should play as important part as the first finger.

This will give you a steady let-off, and leave the rifle in the same position after the striker has gone home.

Again, it is worth while cultivating a good position from the beginning. In no form of sport are bad habits so hard to get out of.

Yet one so often sees a man lie down anyhow to shoot; as long as the rifle is pointed in the right direction that is enough for him. If you were playing golf or cricket, you would surely pay some attention to your stance; you would not start a race without taking some trouble about the position you took up on the line; why, then, should you flop down like a sack of potatoes on the firing point and lie as you happen to reach the ground.



To get a proper position, stand facing the target, turn half-right, and then lie down, so that your body is at an angle of 45 degrees with the line of the firing-point, and your rifle pointing straight towards the target.

Separate the legs as far as possible, and keep both heels flat on the ground, so that you get a grip with the whole side of each foot.

Here you have the makings of a good steady position, and the details—especially if you watch the style of the crack shots of your club—will come naturally, for the main thing is to get as comfortable and easy a pose as possible.

THE USE OF THE SLING.

A useful tip to gain steadiness is to wind the sling of the rifle round the left arm, as is done by almost every Bisley marksman.

The sling should be slackened to its fullest extent, and must be fixed on swivels at the nose and in front of the trigger-guard, then the left arm is put through between sling and rifle from the left and the hand twisted back to the left, so that the sling is to the right of it, before being placed on the stock of the rifle.

The muzzle is thus held much steadier, and the left arm is braced up. The position is quite easily assumed, and is perfectly well adapted to service conditions, for you are not "tied up" in any way.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

The main secret of success in rifle-shooting is practice. Go on pumping bullets into the butt as often as you have opportunity, and don't be discouraged by an occasional "float" or even a "wash-out"—you can always tell your friends it was the rifle or the wind, but beware of persuading yourself that it is so, if you know that you have been holding badly.

Take all the advice you can get from the old hand. Try the methods of different men, and stick to that which gives you the best results.

Above all take the thing seriously, as you would any other sport. A rifle is not a thing to be picked up now and then, like a newspaper, to while away a few minutes, but it must be studied like a book; you must learn what it is capable of doing, and then see that in your hands it does it.

A. H. MAUDE.

'VARSITY DEGREES CHEAP TO-DAY.

It is questionable whether the degree conferred by a British University implies in its recipient anything beyond a certain power of retentiveness. He has obviously the faculty of passing examinations, but very often he is not much of a success in after life, nor is he a particularly interesting person to meet.

What can be said, therefore, for those who go to the trouble and expense of purchasing a faked degree from an American University? Nonconformist ministers, who for the most part are not 'Varsity men at all, are particularly fond of purchasing these letters whereby they may dazzle their flock.

The deception is hardly creditable to men whose professed object in life is the preaching of truth.

The prices vary, but the following list may be taken as typical of most. It was the one submitted to the present writer by the Illinois University some little time ago:

M.A., B.A., B.Sc., or B.D. could all be had as cheap as £15 each.

D.D. or D.Litt. required an expenditure of £20.

LL.D., M.D., or D.C.L. could be had for £25.

Moderate terms doubtless, but they were declined with thanks.

PROTECTING YOUR BRAINS.

HOW INVENTIONS ARE PATENTED.

Before he goes to the expense of taking out Letters Patent for any idea, the inventor should make very certain that his idea or device is all he imagines it to be. The Patent Office is ready to drink in all the fees it can get, and he will be well advised to keep his money safely in his pocket unless he is convinced that his invention will prove lucrative. In coming to this judgment, let him not be influenced overmuch by the patent agent whom he consults, as it is in the interests of some of these gentlemen to encourage him to patent anything, whatever its merits may be.

Supposing that he has finally decided to patent, the next step to consider is whether he will employ an agent or do the business himself. The latter plan has this fault; the drawing up of specifications is full of pitfalls, and, as the legality of a patent depends wholly on the wording of the specification and particularly the claims, it is quite on the cards that the amateur will find himself without any rights at all.

The same thing applies to so-called patent experts, and also to the cheaper class of agent. The safest plan is to get a good agent, one who is a Fellow of the Chartered Institute of Patent Agents by preference, as that is a guarantee that he will be fairly dealt with and given straightforward advice.

The first thing is to apply for provisional protection by filing a provisional specification at the Patent Office. This makes your invention safe for six months, during which you will have time to elaborate the details, to find out whether or not it is going to prove lucrative, or to interest other parties or capitalists. A good agent charges from three to four guineas for this work, but you can have it done for £2 10s. The less you pay, however, the more risks you are taking.

If at the end of the six months you find that there is no money in your idea, you simply drop it, consoling yourself with the fact that you are only a small amount out of pocket. If, however, it proves a success, you proceed to take out a complete patent. This the agent will get you for about £10 10s. Your specifications are then examined by the authorities at the Patent Office, and, if they find that the same thing has not already been patented, you are granted a patent, on paying a sealing fee of £1.

Even when you have secured your patent, the expense does not cease. On the expiry of four years you have to pay a renewal fee of £5; the fee for the next year is £6, and so on, with a yearly increase of £1 till the end of the fourteenth year, when the patent expires, and any one is free to manufacture it. These renewal fees should not be made through a patent agent, but direct to the Patent Office, so as to save unnecessary expense.

I have supposed that the inventor is using the services of an agent to obtain a patent. He may, however, do the whole thing himself, and at a great saving in money, though he is taking enormous risks of his patent proving merely waste paper. Provisional protection costs but a sovereign if you get it for yourself, and a complete patent £3, plus an additional £1 on the sealing of the patent.

Should you decide to take the risk and save the money, write to the Comptroller, H.M. Patent Office, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, W.C., and ask for the official pamphlet "Instructions to Applicants for Patents." Like most Government publications it is worded in language that is hard to comprehend, but it will tell you what you have to do. The various forms on which your subsequent applications will have to be made can be purchased at any money order office.

But, as I have said, the novice is almost certain to make mistakes, and it will more than repay him to engage a reliable agent. If you can get a friend to recommend you one, so much the better.

F. WELLESLEY.

TERRIBLE "IFS."

ARTICLE TO EXERCISE THE IMAGINATION.

he sun's diameter becomes 300 feet less every owing to the combustion which supplies with light and heat. What would happen if sun went out? It will be millions of years t does so at its present shrinkage, but it ht explode and fly in atoms into stellar space. at then?

or the first week we should feel no great nvenience except that we should be obliged se artificial light, but in about ten days the 's would freeze solid, and even the supplies artesian wells would stop; our water ld be obtainable only from melted ice.

egetation, which with the continuous dark- would by this time have become of a ish colour, would now rot with the frost. re crops would be impossible, but no one ld live long enough to sow them.

ithin a fortnight all cattle would be dead, on their frozen flesh and on the stores of n we should do very well till the end. We ld not die of hunger, and the cold would kill bacilli of disease.

ttle by little the temperature would fall till people still alive would be driven to seek the nth of the mines, and in about three months r the extinction of the sun even these would me too cold to sustain life.

the moon instead of the sun were lost to us, should survive the change, but should ex- ence much inconvenience. The tide would, ourse, cease to rise or fall and some of our ours would have to be deepened or given But the most interesting consequence would he shortening of the day and night, each of ch would consist of about ten hours instead welve.

he moon has a retarding influence on the h's progress, and without it we should re- e considerably quicker than once in the nty-four hours.

he earth shows a tendency to slow down in revolutions. What if these became so slow t our day was as long as the period we now a week?

ife in all but the Arctic countries would be lerable, so excessive would be the heat in mmer. The nights would, of course, be of al length, and their cold would be so great we could have no vegetation—even the sses which might survive the frost would be ched up by the heat of the succeeding day. here being no vegetation, cattle would die, consequently so should we.

some means were contrived for harnessing force of gravity, we should have all our ines working by means of it instead of by We should, in fact, have realised to all nts and purposes the dream of the seeker r perpetual motion; we should have power hout any appreciable cost.

he benefit to manufacturers would be con- erable, but only for a time. The thousands coal miners—men suddenly deprived of their ployment, and finding themselves unfitted anything else—would, as soon as the pangs hunger came upon them, march through our ustrial districts smashing the new engines. e police and soldiery would be called to resist se attacks and a species of civil war would ow, for the sympathies of the people would largely with the miners.

ot very long ago there was a mysterious demic amongst the wood pigeons of the south England, killing them in hundreds. If some h disease spread amongst birds in general d exterminated them, what would happen? nsects of every kind would flourish, and, ng unmolested, would grow to an enormous e. A field of growing wheat would be elled in a night, as if a flock of sheep had en turned into it, and bread would rise in ce and finally become unobtainable. More- r, there being no food for them, cattle would , and we also should starve unless we over- me our prejudices and made meals off the ects themselves.

H. NELSON.

HIS ERROR.

The haughty person was walking down the Strand, looking at something or another. A pretty girl was crossing the street, but, of course, that did not interest him—of course not.

Never mind what he was looking at, that was his business. All that concerns us is the fact that he collided with the point of an umbrella held horizontally under the careless arm of a young man in front.

The haughty person did not like things being stuck in his eye, and he caught the young man by the shoulder, whirled him round and said: "Sir, you stuck your most heavenly umbrella in my eye."

You see he was quite polite; he was really very angry—the more so as the mishap had been entirely his own fault—but he did not allow his wrath to get the better of him.

The young man took no notice.

"Sir," said the haughty person with growing rage, "I say you stuck your delightful umbrella in my eye."

"There," replied the young man, "you make a mistake."

"Possibly," said the haughty person, "you are the best judge. I know that board-schools and evening classes push youngsters on a lot, but I thought that, perhaps, we were still allowed to know when things were stuck in our eyes or not. I venture to think that I am aware of the fact when an umbrella jabs my eye."

"That may be so," replied the young man, as he brushed a speck of dust from his sleeve, "but the fact that you are not aware of is that this is not my umbrella; it's a borrowed one, a gift horse, as you might say."

DEDUCTION.

Tommy was a very small boy, the sort of little boy you see in posters eating people's chocolates. Tommy ate chocolates and he also did other things.

He heard.

Tommy's parents were very keen players of bridge amongst other things, and Tommy heard and retained certain facts.

Now it happened that Tommy went to a Sunday school, and one afternoon his teacher showed him a coloured picture of Solomon in all his glory.

She asked her class who the beautiful portrait represented. One little boy guessed Keir Hardie, another thought it was the Paragraph Editor of THE MODERN MAN, while the third plumped for Mr. Roger Pocock, Founder and Commissioner of the Legion of Frontiersmen.

The teacher was vexed, but she was possessed of that admirable quality, self-control, and presently in her round of the class she came to Tommy, who, of course, was at the bottom.

"Tommy," she asked, "what is this?" And Tommy guessed as nearly right as anybody.

"I think," he said, "it looks like a king, but it might be a Jack. We don't use cards like that at home."

HAPPY NIGHTS.

V. AFTER MANY YEARS.

As youngsters we had hung together, and in youth had kept in touch while others of the family had scattered, leaving but few traces, as families have a way of scattering. Our interests were alike in many things—our love of Nature and of ancient places—and we loved to live.

But many years had passed, and though we wrote we longed to meet and ramble through the years in pleasant talk, to travel over old ground once more and to exchange our experiences during the years of separation.

We had agreed to meet upon the scene of long past happiness— a little wood-surrounded village in a dip between the hills—and there to spend a night beside a great inn fire, in comfortable chairs, with pipe and grog at hand.

And there at last we were, in glad reality.

We passed in memory over all the well-beloved ground, the quiet progress of our lives returning as we recollected this and that almost forgotten incident of infinite triviality to all except us two. A thousand times the atmosphere of that secluded little room changed with our varying moods, as pleasant talk led on from period to period, from incident to incident. And when the hours were "small" we rose and, creeping noiselessly along the passages, we stood bare-headed in the still, cool night.

Silently we climbed the hill by a once familiar track, seeking, and finding, in every gate and tree and cottage, all the old associations. And on the bare Down's summit we stood a while, drawing deep breaths of freshest air, and living again.

We made a circuit of the village, noting every unchanged spot, and passed again within the shelter of the inn.

Long after day began to break we found fresh interests and memories to exchange. The last log burned itself to soft grey ash and fell with sudden jerks upon the hearth. Our words came slowly, sleep was conquering, and so we sat and nodded in supreme contentment. The memory of that night will never fade.

WALTER FOYLE.

THINGS SEEN.

XI. FIRE!

From out the clatter of the traffic, even above the lumbering banging thunder of the motor-'bus, there sweeps along the thronged street a faint wave of sound.

There is no other sound exactly like it in all London's orchestra of noise. Though it is the sound of a bell, it has a note peculiarly its own. The tone is high and almost terrifying. It rises suddenly above the roar like an alarm, a warning to beware.

The sound grows, and, as we watch, the traffic opens like a sudden cleavage in the sea, and through the narrow avenue comes whirling one of London's finest sights—a fire-engine at full speed.

"Hi! Hi!" roar the firemen, eager, yet serene and confident, swaying with the engine's every turn, and seeming in their element in that furious progress through the narrow spaces in the traffic.

With a growing clang, a gleam of polished brass, a furious pounding of the horses' hoofs upon the road, the engine and its crew plunge past, the embodiment of courage, daring, pluck, and skill.

The horses seem to work in perfect sympathy. They know that speed is everything in their mission, and they need no urging forward. And as you watch the traffic flowing back again into the wake of the disappearing engine, and see the shining helmets forging on through other crowds, a lump rises in your throat and you long to shout "Bravo!"

It is a stirring scene that loses nothing of its grandeur and excitement by its frequency, for in some parts of London it is to be seen almost every day.

G. BULCRAIG.

PLANNING HOLIDAYS.

I always plan holidays, and I don't. Which is another way of saying that I make my plans so elastic that they can be altered at a moment's notice. Some friends of mine say that the holiday is the ideal time for the indulgence of your moods, and that if you follow a fixed programme instead of giving way to the mood of the moment, you are little better off than if you kept on in business. I don't agree with them.

I think that the majority of us would, when we had a day off, lie in bed till somewhere about the afternoon, if we simply gave in to our moods of the moment. Laziness is apt to be confused with exhaustion. On the other hand, when I plan out a holiday I settle on the doing of something that I have long wished to do. I fix on it not only because it will be pleasurable in itself, but because it will be a happy memory to look back upon. A holiday on these lines can only be obtained by judicious planning and some thought, but it is well worth while; my own picture gallery of happy memories is sufficiently extensive to cheer me up when I am despondent, and to entertain me when I am dull.

All the same I feel no shame in deviating from a fixed plan should the weather or other outside circumstances interfere with it. It is all very well to plan out a fishing holiday, but if the morning is of such a kind that nothing will persuade the trout to rise, you will only be giving yourself an extremely dull time if you stick rigidly to your plans.

LIGHT ARTICLES ONLY.

A commercial traveller, I think, ought to be without nerves. For my part, though I am a commercial, I have not this happy qualification.

"These racks are to be used for light articles only" is to be seen on practically every railway carriage rack, but it is a notice which is consistently disregarded, and I often find people piling up heavy portmanteaux above my head.

I used to be too polite to raise any objection, though I felt uneasy about it, but when one of these packages fell on me, smashing my hat and almost breaking my neck, I became less considerate of the feelings of these careless travellers, and now I insist that if a man must put heavy luggage on the rack it shall not be above where I am sitting.

This is a little tip that those who travel might reasonably adopt for their own comfort and safety.

A USEFUL COMPANION.

Many men dread the approach of the hot summer days which to me at least make life once more worth living after the long sleep of winter, because they know that they will have to suffer tortures from the numerous little winged pests that once more come out to attack them.

Some people seem to be immune from the stings of wasps, mosquitoes, gnats and all the other little brutes that reserve their energy for attacks on the rest of us who have more delicate skins.

The man who suffers from the bites of insects will do well to carry about with him a little ordinary ammonia, for if this is applied at once, all swelling and inflammation can be prevented.

If he has to wait till he goes home, the remedy comes too late.

It is possible to get from most chemists a small vulcanite tube, in size and shape not unlike the cap of a fountain pen.

It has a screw top at one end into which is fitted a tiny sponge, and which is supplied with a rubber washer to prevent the evaporation of the ammonia.

If you have one of these tiny companions in your pocket, you need have little to fear from the bites of poisonous insects, for you can apply the "stitch in time" that may save a doctor's bill, and certainly a good deal of inconvenience, for the ammonia not only prevents the swelling to which some people are subject after the bite of a poisonous insect, but it allays the irritation at the time.

Readers as Writers

A MAN'S HANDS.

In the course of his sport or work a man's hands naturally become rough and dirty, and as a result of the many washings which he has to give them, the skin may even get dry and take on that whitey-blue, powdery appearance which is extremely ugly.

To remedy this a little cold cream or other grease should be rubbed into the hands in the morning and at night.

This is not a girl's game, but is a preventive of trouble. If you allow the skin on the back of your hands to get very dry, it will crack, and dirt will find its way into the cuts and possibly cause much trouble.

LIFE AS A RAILWAY PORTER.

Four years ago, when I threw up an assured position in an Estate Agent's office for that of porter on one of our leading railways, some of my friends thought my mind was going, but I can honestly say, that not for one moment have I regretted making the change.

Formerly I used simply to exist, now I live. Then I used to get up at about 8 a.m., bolt a badly-cooked breakfast, do a mad sprint for the 8.37 a.m., arrive at the office at 9, leave at 5.30; get home, have tea, hang round till 10 o'clock, and then to bed, to repeat the process next day.

Now I rise at 5.30 and bike it leisurely to the station, arriving there at 6.15. After the first train has left I go out for the signal lamps, getting back about seven. Then comes breakfast, which in fine weather is taken in the open. This and a smoke occupies the next hour, after which I buckle to what work I have to do. This is easily finished by 12 o'clock and then comes dinner.

After this it is merely a matter of attending to trains, and as these are few and far between in the afternoon, there is plenty of time for sport. This generally takes the form of a game of football or cricket in the adjoining field, or an hour with a rifle at home-made targets.

A little way up the line there is a deep, cool, pond where one can put in a lazy half hour with rod and line. On wet afternoons we adjourn to the waiting-room, where we put in a breezy and friendly half-hour with the gloves or on the mat.

"That's all right," I hear someone say, "but what about money and prospects." Well, during the last three months my average weekly earnings were 25s. 4d., and as I do not have to provide working clothes, and get two free passes a year and reduced fares at all times, I think they will compare favourably with those of any clerk at my age (twenty).

As to prospects, there is always the chance of promotion to Chief Clerk or Stationmaster, or even higher.

GOOD PRICES FOR PARAGRAPHS.

This page is reserved for contributions by our readers. Select a subject you know all about—your trade or your favourite recreation—and send us a few facts concerning it; paragraphs should not exceed 250 words. You are free to send your contribution on a postcard if you like.

Each week a prize of One Guinea will be forwarded to the writer of the best paragraph, and 5s. to the senders of each of the others used.

If your paragraph arrives too late for one week's competition it will be considered for that of the following week. Rest assured that all contributions will be carefully read.

Do not allow the lack of a facile pen to prevent you from competing. If the stuff is good, absence of style will not injure your chances. We will lick it into literary shape.

Address your letters or post-cards to the Paragraph Editor, The Modern Man, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

The guinea this week goes to Mr. Arthur Price, 4, Sunnyside, Old Swan, Liverpool, for "Life as a Railway Porter."

GOD SAVE THE KING!

Not long ago an order was issued to all military bands that the National Anthem was to be played in considerably quicker time than had hitherto been the case.

If only this excellent rule would be observed by all bands, whether military or not, and also when singing the anthem, it would sound a little less like a dirge than it does at present.

His Majesty himself is compelled to listen to the tune until he is probably rather weary of it, and it is not to be wondered at if the slowness of it got on his nerves a little.

Have you ever noticed in what a high key the military band usually plays it? It is out of the reach of most voices, the regulation key being B flat.

The British National Anthem is one of the oldest in existence, and is supposed to have been written by John Bull, a famous London musician who lived from 1563 to 1628.

His better known namesake, who never existed except as a typical Englishman, takes his name from a skit published a century later by John Arbuthnot in 1712.

Very probably, however, the anthem was evolved still earlier from some old folk-song, and came into prominence in 1745, when sung by the King's men against the Jacobites.

The managers of the London theatres conferred a boon on the public when they recently ceased to have the Anthem played after each performance. It was unnecessary, and the audience, struggling into its coats, never gave it the respect it deserved.

CRAMP.

As the captain of a fairly popular swimming club, may I be permitted to give a timely warning in regard to cramp?

I do not know whether there is any cure for this muscular trouble, but men whom I have known and who have gone to doctors about it, have not been able to get any remedy, and I may therefore suppose that this is one of the things that one must swallow and look contented about.

What I want to say is that the man who goes in for swimming, and who at the same time is a victim to cramp, is doing a very unwise thing.

I remember on one occasion seeing a fellow in the deep end of the swimming bath we patronise; he was floundering about, but we all thought he was only fooling until he went below the surface. We got him out and pulled him round, but it was a very close shave.

When men come to join our club, I always ask whether they are subject to cramp, and, if they are, I tell them to keep away, and I would give the advice to every other would-be swimmer.

THE HANGING BASKET.

Most people who take an interest at all in the garden are satisfied if they keep the ground part of their enclosure right; a few others take an interest in covering the walls with creepers or sweet peas; but very few take the trouble to arrange, what is the most effective means of garden decoration—the hanging basket.

These baskets may be of different kinds. I have seen a very effective one made from a flower pot with a bit of wire twisted round the top of it so that it could be hung up. The best sort of all is the basket made of stout wire, and you can easily make it yourself. It is most readily constructed if you build it upon the outside of a small basin, arranging a sort of wheel with long spokes to form the bottom and binding the wires that make the side of the basket round and round.

Such a basket should be well lined with moss, and then filled up with good loam, and in it might be planted ivy geraniums, marguerites and a few annary creepers to drape the sides.

In every garden there is some place where the hanging basket would be an improvement. It may be in the centre of the porch or on the side of an archway, or even against the wall. A few of these baskets give an added interest and novelty to a garden, and they more than repay the little attention they require.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

GOING STRAIGHT.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

I.

The stable yard resounded to the clank of the buckets, and diminutive, riding-breeched men with their sleeves rolled up above their elbows dived in and out of the horse-boxes where the equine patricians of Philip Barton's racing string were submitting more or less gracefully to the ordeal of the morning's toilet.

A few interested Newmarket loungers hung around the gate, chewing straws, and throwing time-worn banter at the heads of the stable boys.

Then from the road there came the hum of a motor-car, and the group of horsey good-for-nothings dispersed quickly. The dark-eyed Philip Barton had a reputation for indiscriminate use of his riding crop.

The car drew up palpitating by the stable gates, and Philip Barton, accompanied by Harry Verrell, the stable jockey, got out.

A glance at Philip Barton could tell only one thing—he was possessed of iron nerve, and the straight, even-knitted eyebrows showed the man of purpose, determined to get his end at all costs.

The two strolled into the trainer's office, where Philip Barton opened the letters impatiently.

"Ah, here we are!" he said with great satisfaction at length. "Lord Clavering comes down to see his Derby pair tried this morning, Harry. You'll ride Pegasus, of course."

"And win?" asked the jockey.

The trainer looked at him meaningly.

"No," he said thoughtfully.

"Damn it, I'll win if I can!" exclaimed Verrell sullenly. "I've had enough of this twisting game."

The trainer turned round on him, his face red with anger.

"You fool! Have you heard that ancient adage, 'when thieves fall out'? And we shall fall out, my dear Harry, if you can't manage to give Pegasus a judicious pull this morning, and remember——"

"Oh, I remember!" Verrell sneered. "Pegasus shall lose the trial."

"And win the Derby!" Mr. Barton added, smiling to himself.

"Poor Clavering!" Verrell exclaimed, and they went out to make a tour of inspection around the horse-boxes.

They stopped opposite a box, from the interior of which came the sound of much hissing. The upper door was open, and the trainer looked over the side.

Little Frank Carton, who was grooming Gollywog, one of Lord Clavering's Derby pair, proceeded with his work, as one fully conscious of the honour conferred on him.

"Fit as a fiddle, sir!" he replied to the trainer's usual question, and went on with the hissing sound, without which no horse can be groomed in any self-respecting stable.

"Frank," said the trainer suddenly, "we're trying Pegasus with Gollywog this morning. Would you like to ride Gollywog? Lord Clavering will watch the work."

Ride Gollywog in his Derby trial? This was several miles in advance of public mounts in apprentice plates—no whips or spurs to be used!

"Give me the chance, sir!" he said fervently. "But although it is no stable boy's business to reason why," Mr. Frank S. Carton, aged 17, and extraordinarily short for his years, permitted himself the luxury of wondering why he should be selected to steer Gollywog under the very eyes of the Owner.

He had stopped working and looked up in great surprise. Behind the trainer he saw the smiling face of Harry Verrell, the jockey who had been his "pal" and mentor since the day when he had defeated three of the stable boys in open combat in the stable yard. Oh, it was good old Harry Verrell who had got this chance for him—dear old Harry!

The trainer entered the box.

"Get on with your work and listen to me, kid," said Philip Barton softly. "Send Gollywog right along from the start and beat Pegasus if you can."

"Yes, sir—thank you, sir!" The trainer walked away, but Harry Verrell remained in the box watching Carton.

"Frankie, there's something I want you to remember," he said with a peculiar huskiness in his voice. "Always go straight, boy, even at racing. Be sure that if a man knows you've been on the crook—only once, perhaps—he'll bleed you, and bleed you until——"

The jockey stopped.

"Anyhow," he added, attempting to smile, "it's always a hundred to three against dishonesty in the end!"

"You *are* a brick, Harry," said the youngster feelingly. "You've been more than a pal, and I'd like to bet you got me that trial ride today!"

Harry Verrell smiled, but it was the smile of bitterness.

"That's all right," he said. "You're a plucked 'un. But don't forget—and you're starting to climb the ladder now. Keep straight, Frankie. Out to win every time, boy."

"Out to win every time!" echoed Frank, grasping his friend's hand.

An hour later (never was there a prouder moment in his life) Carton on Gollywog just beat Pegasus, ridden by Harry Verrell, and his lordship was loud in his praises of the boy's riding.

That night in the London clubs they installed Gollywog a firm favourite for the Derby Stakes, and the evening papers' sporting columns contained the announcement that Lord Clavering was "so pleased with the riding of the apprentice F. S. Carton on Gollywog, that he had engaged him, on the advice of his trainer, to ride the horse in next Wednesday's great race at Epsom."

Reading this, Mr. Philip Barton smiled.

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"I could have won in a walk!" Verrell exclaimed when he flung himself into a chair in the trainer's office after the trial. "But, look here, Philip, this is the last time—the *very* last! That young Clavering is a decent chap—a gentleman, and it seems a damned shame to fool him like this. He bets like a madman, too!"

"No—the stake isn't big enough for his lordship," said Mr. Barton pleasantly. "Well, thank heaven, there are still gilded idiots left in the world! He told me—in strict confidence—that he should plank down a couple of thou. on Gollywog with his usual man—old Benson, of course. That, according to arrangements, means a nice five hundred apiece for you and me when Gollywog has finished down the course, or, at any rate, is beaten by Pegasus. He rose to the bait about the boy riding the horse like a bloomin' salmon trout, Harry!"

Mr. Barton indulged in an uproarious burst of merriment.

"Like a salmon trout," he added. "'Oh, we'll run Pegasus to give Gollywog a lead,' says his lordship! Give him a lead—good Lord! And the dear old British Public will have a straight run for its money, too!"

"Yes, it's surprising how very virtuous we are, isn't it?" Verrell observed with deep sarcasm. He paused for an instant. Then he leaned over, his hands on his knees, and looked straight at the man opposite him.

"But you'll leave the kid alone, Philip," he said. "He's going straight and I mean to see him through—because he's a little man, in love with his job, too! I tell you, Philip, he'll be at the top of the tree when we're broke and selling tips in the half-crown ring!"

II.

Epsom on Derby Day! What memories it conjures up to some, what reminiscences of hopes realised or dashed to the ground!

But of all those that had their money or their interest on the Derby, there was none who *felt* it all keener than Frank Carton—Frank, who tried to walk among his envious fellows as if it was nothing new to him to be entrusted with the fate of a Derby favourite; and an every-day occurrence to be "up" on a classic three-year-old, and wearing the Clavering "pale blue and gold halved."

Now, with the collar of his covert coat turned up and his whip stuck jauntily in his pocket in the approved style, he stood in the paddock with Lord and Lady Clavering, while press photographers took hurried snapshots.

Over in the corner of the paddock, in the shade of the bushes, Philip Barton was assisting in putting the saddle on Gollywog. He sent the "scrapper" away on some trifling errand and called Harry Verrell.

"Well, what are his lordship's highly idiotic instructions?" he asked.

"I'm to make the pace hot to Tattenham Corner, with Gollywog lying on the rails well behind me. Then, says his lordship, when Pegasus has shot his bolt——"

"When!" the trainer put in smiling.

"Then," the jockey went on, "I am to let Gollywog up into my position and drop behind."

"Very nice!" observed the trainer. "Well, my instructions to you are to see that Gollywog is shut in——"

"Philip, his lordship has publicly declared to win with Gollywog—and if the boy should get through and only Pegasus is left to beat him—do you fancy facing that little mob over there?

"Pegasus, naturally, stands at any price you like," Verrell continued, "while they've backed Gollywog for tons of money. What will they do if the stable's outsider has to come up and beat the favourite?"

Verrell shuddered.

"I'd rather face a horde of Dervishes," he said.

Philip Barton was fixing the stirrup leathers and he looked up angrily.

"So Harry Verrell's showing the white feather, eh?" he sneered, "and we stand to win a pile over Pegasus!"

From his pocket he produced a large clasp knife, and lifting the saddle flap, drew its keen edge along the back of the stirrup leather.

"There! That'll break when Carton commences to ride Gollywog in the last furlong or two from the winning-post. So we shall draw our five hundred, whatever happens!"

"Gad! you might kill the kid!" Verrell said, but the trainer, chuckling over his ingenuity, did not hear.

For a moment, Verrell, clutching his whip, had thoughts of using it about the respected trainer's person, but at that moment the "scrapper" opportunely returned and the trainer went off to attend to Pegasus.

Swiftly Harry Verrell made a pretence of trying the stirrup leathers, and with a jerk broke

the one that had been cut by the trainer.

"Fetch a new stirrup leather—quick!" he said to the man.

Two minutes later, with a smile of satisfaction playing around his lips, he was fixing the new leather. His little "pal" should have a fair ride!

The jockey's bell rang, and with a final word from the Owner, Frank Carton was hoisted into the saddle.

As he was leaving the paddock, pretty Lady Clavering took a rose from the bunch she wore and handed it to him.

"For luck, Mr. Carton," she said. Whereat "Mr. Carton" blushed deeply, and, considering it the gallant thing to do, he placed it in a button-hole of his jacket.

"It shall come home first!" he said grimly—and wondered why the surrounding crowd smiled.

At the starting gate, Frank had been drawn next to Harry Verrell.

"The old 'uns 'll try to shut you in, Frankie," Harry said. "You stick to me until we get to Tattenham Corner. Then out you go, and win if you can!"

Now these were precisely the instructions of Lord Clavering.

Off! Pegasus and Gollywog jumped off smartly together, while Verrell's mount drew ahead of the field with a slight lead, Gollywog racing along in line with him. Then came the inevitable Derby race for the "inside position" at Tattenham Corner. At the critical moment Verrell cut out for it, and Frank, keeping his mount in hand, hung well behind him.

The Corner turned! Frankie could only hear the resonant roar of the crowd, but the yell was:

"Pegasus leads! Pegasus wins!" followed by ominous, angry silence.

Now, a race for it!—every nerve stretched. Frank had been saving Gollywog and riding him on a tight rein. Now he let him out for all he was worth. A sharp cut of the whip drew him ahead of Pegasus, who still raced "on the rails." Neck and neck they thundered down into the Epsom dip with the stiff incline that kills the pace beyond.

"Ride him like Hell, kid!" Verrell shouted to him in the teeth of the wind.

"Swip! Swip!" Frank's whip swung round with that wrist turn which is the art of the jockey.

"The red rose wins!" someone cried, and then the crowd found their voices and there came the great Derby cheer to shout the favourite home. And now all was a blur to Frank Carton. He merely knew that the judge's box had passed in a flash—that the great race was won!

The shouting crowd brought his senses back to him again. At the gate of the weighing enclosure, Lord Clavering led Gollywog in.

"You've brought the red rose home, Mr. Carton," her ladyship said, smiling.

"Yes, m'lady!" said Frank, plucking the rose from his jacket, and holding it foolishly.

Then a great fear fell upon him—lest Lady Clavering should embrace him publicly

But the Rules of Racing saved him. He half fell from the back of the winner, undid the girth and carried the saddle triumphantly into the weighing room—as laid down in those inexorable laws.

"All right!" came the call, and the metallicians turned to the unpalatable task of "paying over the ruddy fav'rite."

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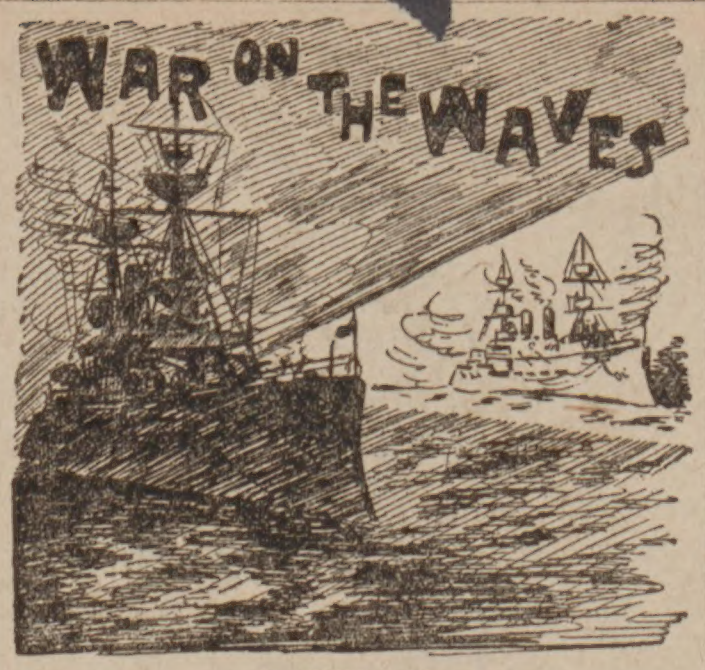
When the excitement had, in a degree, subsided, Philip Barton seized an opportunity of examining the stirrup leather of Carton's saddle.

Then he strode out in the paddock, and buttonholing Verrell, drew him aside. "The leather was perfectly all right—and I left you there after I had cut it!" he said. "What the devil does it mean?"

"It means that I'm going straight!" said Verrell, and calling up Carton, strolled off with him to the jockeys' room.



A FORECAST.

Out of the misty darkness steamed the first of the enemy's fleet, his smoke blending with the clouds. Behind appeared another and yet another great battleship of the Dreadnought type.

Admiral Sir Henry Wallis, K.C.B., took the telescope from his eye and issued a brief order to the chief yeoman of signals. The chief yeoman passed on the order to his assistants, and the flagship swiftly displayed a glow at her masthead and then the message.

Immediately all the warships around began to turn and set to partners, as it were—to dance a strange but stately quadrille. Just as quickly, however, the chaos evolved itself, and the British fleet formed up in two lines of battle. Stationary once more, it silently awaited the nearer approach of the foe.

Presently his searchlights began to play. They blazed out of the darkness in a dozen great dazzling beams, and then—his guns began to speak!

The battleships, four of them Dreadnoughts, and the rest Agamemnons, formed the fighting line of our fleet, and five first-class cruisers and eight torpedo-boats and destroyers formed the second.

Crash! The shots of the advancing foe were beginning to find their billets. He came on at full speed, every ship of his fighting line firing away without cessation. The electric signal at the Admiral's masthead spelled out another order. A ringing British cheer answered it from ship after ship in the double line.

"Independent firing. Advance half-speed and tackle enemy directly opposed. Once more England expects every man to do his duty!"

Forward our fleet surged, and every gun in it that could be trained across the cleared decks, spat and spat again defiance and destruction at the enemy.

The second line of the enemy now glided forward through the apertures in the first, to try and succour it and rush our fighting line. From the hulls of these fresh foes leaped silvery shining, fish-like objects that vanished in the sea. They were torpedoes. The outspread nets of our battleships, however, intercepted them, and our cruisers and torpedo craft darted forward to engage antagonists of their own size.

The battle-roar was now horrible, and every man had his ears stopped with cotton-wool to save himself from lifelong deafness.

From the conning-tower of our flagship, Admiral Wallis controlled the battle, while his flag-captain fought the vessel herself.

For over two hours the battle raged, and at the end of that time four of the enemy's battleships had been sunk, three were on fire and five had surrendered, while the other two, badly hulled, were just able to crawl away. Of our ten battleships, one had been pierced upon the water-line and sunk, while another was on fire.

The enemy's cruisers and torpedo-boats had suffered in like proportion at the hands of our lighter-weights, and only two torpedo-boats escaped. It was a second Trafalgar.

J. M. CHAMBERS.

THE SERGEANT-MAJOR.

A SKETCH.

In the Yeomanry regiment to which I have the honour to belong, fate has always been kind to us in the matter of Sergeant-Majors.

We have had two since the regiment was first raised, and the first, dear old Sergeant-Major H——, has only just left us, and, if you ask him about "the boys" who were under his charge until age and the inexorable Authorities put him on the retired list, he will say characteristically: "Thank God, I never found them jibbers yet!"

That's just *it!* We take unto ourselves the credit for that we have jibbed at nothing. New and nervous captains would suggest idiotic things to Sergeant-Major H——, until they came to look upon old Sergeant-Major H—— as the "father of the squadron," as also did "the boys."

Then there were no more suggestions from the captains. They merely asked the Sergeant-Major's advice, and acted upon it. Why? Because they saw that his word of command was electrical.

"Trot!" "Canter!" "Gallop!" It was done instantly in ordered movement, and woe to the man who flung us out of line! He "heard" from the Sergeant-Major, and "the boys" saw that that particular man in future gave as little trouble as possible to Sergeant-Major H——

In eight years the Sergeant-Major brought up our squadron from a handful of men distinguished for nothing in particular to the squadron which is noted for its horsemanship.

And without doubt it was Sergeant-Major H—— who was responsible for it all. He used to knock enthusiasm into us in this way.

"Always remember," he would say when on parade, "you chaps hold my reputation as well as your own in your hands. I want it to be *the* squadron every time!"

The Sergeant-Major did not dance, but he never missed the regimental ball, and while the ladies admired his steel-grey eye and referred to him as "dear old Major H——," we would gather round him and enthusiastically drink the health of the "best Sergeant-Major in the bloomin' country," with loud "hurrahs," smilingly repressed by the Colonel.

He kept us together; for him the veterans signed on again year after year, and the recruits yearned to distinguish themselves and thus earn a place in the little group that gathered round him in the club after drills. Thus he *made* a squadron of a Yeomanry regiment which shall be nameless.

Now the Authorities have put him on the pension list, but he comes round sometimes, smoking his pipe, and watching the drills. You can see the ranks stiffen, and the swords drawn, carried, and returned with precision, although it is not his voice yelling the commands.

Sergeant-Major H—— made his official bow of exit in a way that became him at the squadron dinner. We had naturally got up a presentation for him, and in his speech, replying to the toast of his health (never shall I forget the row we made when he sat down), he said one thing that impressed us perhaps most of all.

"You have a new man now who is to take my place—a man who has received his training in the 5th Dragoon Guards, and seen round a bit. Look here, men of Squadron X, I want you to do me one last favour. *Give Sergeant-Major E—— the chance you gave me!*"

We cheered the sentiment to the echo. With that short sentence Sergeant-Major H—— established the new man.

We gave him the chance the old Sergeant-Major asked for him. He came to us, his face tanned with the suns of India, a cheery smile and a firm hand grip. We accepted him immediately, and we have found that in him exists that same sportsmanlike feeling, and that magnetic spark which leads *men*.

"You'll find him," concluded Sergeant-Major H——, "a soldier—and a gentleman."

GAVIN CUTLER.

And we have.

I AM glad that I am happier than I have been.—MILTON.

Many circumstances go to better than make life look- ing on it from a financial point of view, and yet I enjoy it, for more than often I feel inclined to bend my knees and clasp my hands in worship to the unknown God for the great gift of life.

I think myself higher than the trees for, though I am blessed with much intelligence with nor with much wisdom. I have that which money cannot bring, good health and a mind of a nature which is content to snap upon life with sheers off as sharp as it would from indifference. Also I am the possessor of a sound physique, and that, as well as constitutional health, counts in the enjoyment of life.

I do not believe in a quiet life. It may suit some men, but to me it would spell boredom; not that I like the city—I prefer the country to it—but I must be in the midst of something that is doing. I am no great advocate of games, preferring rather sport, but I am always ready to help in the organisation of an athletic club, not so much because I want to play the game it is formed to play, but because in this effort I am seeing life. I have done stormy things in my time, giving up work without the slightest prospect of getting another, because I was tired of my work and wanted a change.

LOVE—

You can call this fickle if you like, but I always managed to get what I wanted, and each job has seemed pleasanter than the last.

Somebody has said that life is a series of surprises. I discovered this truth before I ever read about it; it was the fascination of surprise, and the desire for the unexpected, that induced me to make the changes I have made.

Do not forget that as I write this little rhapsody on life I am in love. The healthy young man should be so, and, being so, he views the world through spectacles that are rose-coloured and yet that are lens-shaped and focussed to the definite goal of the happy consummation of his desires.

To the man in love, life is very good—bitter a little at times when success does not come as quickly as he desires, for he is very eager. He, like the knight of old, who wore his lady's glove in his helmet, has something always with him to fight for, and to him life in its most prosaic moments is a matter of romance and enjoyment.

AND DEATH.

Another reason why I enjoy life is that I hold it for little.

If I lost my life to-morrow in the course of sport, and if I could look back from the Beyond, I do not think I should feel regretful. This is not courage; neither, I hope, is it recklessness; but it is that comfortable feeling which enables a man to do what he will without feeling timorous as to the result. Half the pain of life is caused by fear and, not possessing fear, I miss these troubles.

Life, I have read, is a stage. Too often it is so, with every man and woman a mumming player, pretending to be what he is not and constantly timid of being found out in his deception. For my own part, I have never made life a play. I take it lightly enough, but I always pretend to be exactly what I am, and nothing more.

People say that I am genuine if not very clever, and I think that is the reason why I make friends. The man who pretends to be more than he is, gets found out sooner or later. Some men keep on pretending and are constantly suffering the pain of fearing discovery. I am sorry for them, because pretence is a sign of weakness, and the man who is weak in body or in spirit can never be one of the happiest.

I have already hinted that change is useful in the matter of finding happiness, not only change of work when you find that one line of business is displeasing, but constant daily and even hourly change. The best hours are those that fly the quickest, and the only way to make them fly is to be engaged in matters of continual interest, and that demands to the average man continual change.

The man who spends the whole of his Saturday afternoon at a cricket match, does not enjoy the time so well as he might do. Wiser is he who cycles so many miles to a shooting range, puts in practice for half-an-hour and cycles so many miles back; he has diversity of amusement, and the time passes quickly and happily.

REPENT AND FORGET.

The acceptance of errors is essential to a happy outlook upon life. The greatest Teacher the world has ever seen said: "Let him who is without sin amongst you cast the first stone." Following Him, I forgive myself for my indiscretions, as soon as I have thoroughly and permanently repented of them. The hasty remark, the angry word, the injudicious action—these are torments to many a sensitive man, but we all make them, and for the securing of happiness in life it is necessary that we should dismiss them as soon as they are thoroughly regretted.

But above all things my joy in life is due to a love for Nature. The green fields and the clattering brooks hold more charm for me than the best stage play that ever was produced. My amusements being cheap and simple, I can therefore indulge in them freely and to be able freely to follow your amusements is one of the secrets of the enjoyment of life.

C. WOLFF, B.A.

ACADEMY CARICATURES.

The other day I visited the Royal Academy and took particular interest in the portraits, because I am a keen amateur photographer myself, and I like to make my photos artistic; therefore I study the composition and style of our leading artists.

In the matter of backgrounds and so forth, I got many useful tips from an inspection of the Academy pictures, but I was very much struck this year by one thing, which I think is bad art.

When I photograph a person, be it man, woman or child, I try to make my subject a little better looking than might be justified by actual fact; the portrait painters in this year's Academy on the contrary have caricatured their subjects wickedly. You find portraits of statesmen and others with whose features you are familiar from photographs in the illustrated papers, but instead of bringing out the good points in their sitters the artists have done their best to make them look ugly.

Their idea probably is to secure what they would call the individuality of the subject; they give him flabby lips, goitrous eyes and so on. I do not suppose there are many artists among those who read this, but there must be a large number of amateur photographers, and I would therefore warn them not to copy the Academy artists in the matter of caricaturing their victims.

ROBERT WATSON.

BEING A SPORTSMAN.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

THE MODERN MAN, as its readers well know, preaches (without being "preachy") a gospel of sportsmanship. It is for sportsmen, and it encourages its readers to be or to become sportsmen.

I daresay some have said: Oh, it's all very well telling us to be sportsmen, but what good will it do us, what are we going to get out of it? Well, my present little mission is to show you why it is worth while, more than worth while, being a sportsman.

First of all, it is not absolutely necessary actively to engage in sport to be a sportsman. A man may be a true sportsman at heart, and yet never have handled a rod, gun, or gone in for any field sports or games. Still, every man if possible should be an active sportsman and for these reasons:

In the first place, sport makes for and develops placidity of mind and nature. Your sportsman is rarely an excitable fellow, for he has learned in sport to keep his head and his temper, and—here is one of the very practical uses of being a sportsman—this quality of evenness of mind and temper largely assures success in life.

The business man who is also a sportsman gets on because he takes things calmly. He is not knocked off his balance by either good or bad luck. He is level-headed, because to succeed in any form of sport you must keep your wits about you, and it is the level-headed man who steadily forges his way to the front, and stays there.

A calm, even imperturbable disposition is one of the rewards the sporting gods shower upon those who serve them faithfully.

In the next place, being a sportsman means self-respect. A man who has learned to hold his own with other men in sporting contests must have acquired in a greater or less degree self-esteem, which is not to be confounded with conceit.

He has gained the respect of other sportsmen and to have done that he must have shown himself a good chap, and therefore he can and does have an honest respect for himself. What does this mean? It means that just as he played the game in sport, so will he play the game in the more serious things of life.

He would feel just as bad if he played a low trick in business as if he had shot a fox, dynamited a salmon pool, ridden over hounds, doped a horse, or committed any of the other sins in the sporting decalogue.

Then sport teaches a man not to be envious. He learns to admire better men than himself and to rejoice in a rival's success. "Let the best man win" is the sportsman's motto, and the man who lives up to it in all things is bound to go happily, and, probably, successfully through life.

He doesn't waste his time envying other men their positions, their money, their abilities, their successes. He does what lies nearest to his hand to the best of his powers, and does not bother his head because other men are better off or more successful than he.

He gives praise where it is due, without gushing, and frankly admits the superiority of another.

Further, because he is not envious he is popular, and men go out of their way to do him a good turn when they wouldn't step across the road to help the man who is always crabbing everything and everybody.

Finally, there is the very material reward of the bodily and mental health that is engendered and maintained by sport.

There is no need to dilate on the blessings of health, but the point is that being a sportsman usually means that you have a sound mind in a sound body, and are therefore fit to fight for your life in the battle of life.

Now, is it or is it not worth while being a sportsman?

HAMMOND MILLS.

WHERE MEN FORECATHER.

XIII. THE DERBY.

Men go to the Derby, who never set foot on racecourse at any other time of the year.

See that stout, bluff old chap there, with his plump, comely "missus" beside him in the high dog-cart, which he tools so skilfully through the maze of motor-cars, taxi-cabs, hansoms and other vehicles.

He hasn't missed a Derby for forty years, and regularly he produces two sovereigns from his old-fashioned purse, and invests them on his "fancy," which not infrequently proves to be the winner, for he knows a good horse when he sees one, and is not to be "stalled off" his selection, charm the tipsters never so wisely.

At other times of the year, however, he abjures racing, for his farm claims all his time, and he would no more dream of backing a horse without seeing him run than he would of eating New Zealand mutton.

The Derby attracts many like him; business in His Majesty's High Courts of Justice is apt to be dispatched with great celerity on Derby Day morning; judge, counsel, plaintiff and defendant find solid reason for amicable compromise, or immediate adjournment.

EPSOM'S HEALING POWERS.

Doctors suddenly become extremely optimistic about their patients; patients as cheerful about themselves. That reminds me of Epsom's virtues as a health resort—at least on Derby Day, when you will find there hundreds of men who according to the messages they have sent to their employers are suffering from "flue" (in its most malignant form), agonising toothache, severe bilious headache, and other distressing complaints, which, however, seem to have vanished even before their lungs took their first fill of Epsom air, so marvellous are its recuperative properties.

Epsom seems to be a panacea not only for the body, but for the mind. I should say that of those present at the Derby at least 10 per cent. have just been bereft of grandmother, aunt, or other relative; nevertheless, to look at them you would never suspect that they were in mourning.

AWKWARD MEETINGS.

The Derby is indeed a wonderful magnet, attracting to itself the most unlikely particles of humanity. "Who'd have thought of seeing *you* here"; "Well, I'm d—d, I thought you had nothing too bad to say of racing"; "Hullo, didn't know you cared for this sort of thing"—these are exclamations you may hear all up and down the course.

Awkward encounters, of course, there are. On the platform at Waterloo meet Mr. Corn Hill, and the head clerk to whom he has sent a pompous note to the effect that slight indisposition will keep him from the office that day, a note which has crossed with a humble one from the head clerk regretting that serious illness in his family entails his absence from duty. The Rev. Samuel Barnabas, in grey flannels and a black and white straw hat, and burdened with an uneasy conscience, which from time to time he tries to salve with the assurance that it is a clergyman's duty to study humanity—and horseflesh?—comes face to face in "Tatts" with the "dourest," glummest, and most austere of his churchwardens, who, if the curate's bewildered eyes do not deceive him, wears a fat smile and a many-coloured waistcoat.

But the spirit of good fellowship is abroad. Neither Corn Hill nor head clerk, Rev. Barnabas or churchwarden is likely to take advantage of the position. Either they blandly ignore each other, or accept the situation and draw together. In any case, they secretly think the more of one another, as men who beneath priestly vestment, city broadcloth, veneer of society, authority, or office, are sportsmen at heart.

Many a tall, loose-limbed, brown-faced, oversea Briton will you see at the Derby, for your Colonial, especially your Australian loves a horse and a race, if possible even more dearly than his brother at home. Two years ago a New Zealander worked his way to Epsom, arrived just in time to see the Derby, saw it, and then contentedly worked his way back again to far off Dunedin.

FROCKS AND FRILLS.

The ladies, of course, are in force from her in Worth's or Paquin's latest "creation" to her who looks as if she had slept in her "velvet" mantle and eye-ball-splitting hat the night before, as in truth she did—on the Downs.

That brings us to the more conventional types of Derby Day. What will you have?—the gentleman who ties himself in knots and profanity, when a sailor accepting the invitation to tie the performer up does so so effectually that the unhappy wretch is as helpless as trussed fowl; or the card tricksters, the fortune tellers, the "one-penny-and-a-winner-every-time" tipsters, the banana and chocolate hawkers, you know them all.

So, too, you know the swells on lordly coach, the quiet, unobtrusive taciturn racing men, who make a lifelong study of the "game" and accept its ever-varying fortunes with unruffled features, the boisterous bookies, shrewd, sharp to a degree, and mighty hard-working behind all their rough humour and seeming ease of life.

SLEEPING THROUGH IT ALL.

Familiar, too, no doubt, is the beery person, who has travelled all night to see the race, and sleeps like the Seven of Ephesus or a Government clerk while it is being run.

The punter who has lost his money, and his temper; the lucky fool who has won, and lost his head; the clean-shaven, archidiaconal trainers, the wizened wisps of jockeys; the detectives disguised (perhaps) in covert coats, bowler hats, and boots that simply shriek their wearer's identity; the bookies' "runners," and "minders"; the "heads," the "boys," the "get-a-bits"; the philanthropic stranger who knows a "really good thing" and is more than anxious to reward your loan of a pencil by putting you (and your money) on it; they are well-known to you.

What can one say of the Derby, save that it is the greatest race in the world. No doubt there is a sordid, squalid side to it, but in the main Derby Day is a wholesome day. It brings to the surface the deep-rooted sporting instincts of our race. Even the meanest trickster feels, one thinks, some passing thrill of honest emotion, of genuine sportsmanship when the great roar "They're off!" thunders and rolls from thousands of throats.

Nor does the curtain fall on Derby Day when the last race is run and the multitude melts away. All over the world, in frozen North, burning South, golden West, and mysterious East, men are awaiting or celebrating the result of the Derby of 1909. And their prayer has been, "May the best horse win." Please the pigs, we shall all have backed it.

PETER GILCHRIST.

THE MISSION OF MUSCLE.

There's a dignity in labour,
Truer than e'er pomp arrayed.—Smiles.

Anywhere below London Bridge along the drab wharves and warehouses that rise from the foreshore slob in grim irregularity, the mission of muscle can be seen in all its magnificence and all its barbarous crudity.

For in this region of labour, visited by none but mighty stevedores, customs officers, and warehouse hands, the real rough work of the world is carried on, and the labour is accomplished that enables a comfort-loving world to calculate with certainty upon the satisfaction of its daily and even hourly needs for the maintenance of existence.

It is in these grimy purlieus, hidden away where few care to penetrate, that all the romance of trade reaches its climax, and where the keenest brains, expressed in infinitely delicate ingenious mechanisms, and the brawniest thews and sinews, expressed in the dockers labourer's tremendous muscles, combine to make life possible. And we who sit complacently at home, giving our little orders to this and that obsequious tradesman, little dream of all the travail and the burdensome weariness that find expression here in the silent unknown and unthankful millions.

The deep-bellied vessel swings to its berth upon the favouring tide. From distances that mean little in their immensity to us, sleeping o' nights in peace and plenty, it brings the merchandise that we with much complacency exchange for coin across the counter. An army of unheard-of giants waits the word to [illegible] strength against the dead weights of the bales and boxes in the hold, and bit by bit the foodstuff comes to light from cavernous recesses down below the decks.

And all the while above them swings the rattling crane. To and fro, to and fro it [illegible] gathering at each journey, in its iron grip a load that seems to shout derision at the puny men, picking their way with single burdens.

The vessel rises inch by inch as more and more crane relieve her of her load; her shapely [illegible] seems out of place in such confined and [illegible] waters, and she looks impatiently towards the open sea.

The screw that fusses round, churning the muddy Thames into a mockery of white foam, seems ever waiting to begin its work.

Man never yet put patience into his inventions. Only man alone knows patience, and the dock hands know it best. Only by interminable patient journeys to and fro, with alternate tension and relaxing of their muscles can the work be done.

With the landing of the last load the [illegible] of muscle dies, and men lie fallow, [illegible] chained to labour by the very strength and splendour of their arms. The whole world lives upon their strength and yet denies to it [illegible] more than a passing tribute, not unmixed with scorn.

The paradox of muscle is inexplicable; and he who thinks to face life armed with this alone is doomed to disappointment.

The mightiest man is ever doomed to be the servant of the world. Hewers of wood and drawers of water the strongest have been and ever will be. The world keeps them to its use, using their power to suit its momentary needs and giving them its scantiest rewards.

But still a glamour clings about the powerful man, making him at once both god and [illegible] Belauded and belittled, used or cast [illegible] sport of markets, yet leading in the van of progress, making the world inhabitable, [illegible] nally smoothing the rough places [illegible] may follow and enjoy, sowing [illegible] reaps, finding the water for others to [illegible] in reality the humblest servant.

And yet without his aid the world could not move. He is ground between the upper and the nether millstones. Weakness and power are [illegible] ceasingly at war within him: muscle is at once his blessing and his curse.

F. [illegible]

My Field.

THE LOVER OF NATURE ONLY.

I owe to it is far beyond calculation in as men are wont to speak of values, field is very precious to me.

I have grown up in sight of it. In childhood it was the world wherein I wandered far from home and made my childish expeditions round its hedges. straight across its then immense keeping an eye the while upon the which I might be called upon—by bull , or its legal owner's dog—to and terrified retreat.

now, when business drags me to and the heart of the city every day from morning, I verily believe the vision of ful goes far to keep me going through the business hours.

its infinite suggestiveness; its varying sympathetic moods; its changes of appearance through the day and night; its differing hues as seasons change and vegetation grows or dies to dust again; all these and many more delightful qualities have forced me to adopt the field as mine and mine alone.

No frail human character could give me such complete devoted comradeship as I experience with every contact with my field.

describe it to you and, if the words come let me unveil to you its graces and What I spend at home my field is ever in sight. It stretches straight before my house—a gently rising field whose farthest boundary is just far enough to give the hedge a tantalising indistinctness.

THE ONLY BLOT.

Along one runs a stately line of elms or leaf shut in the field from, staring folk; and in one corner all shows bare and rank the oblong patch once a hayrick stood. Around this patch the nettles have grown thick, concealing the rusty skeleton of an old-fashioned plough. Near to it is a vulgar dunghill, brown and steaming disturbed by scratching cocks and hens their owner's yard.

a way between the hedgerow stumps the field were mine, mine that is, as law would make it, this blot upon would be instantly removed.

not mine in every sentimental sense, the that mine in the harsh, land-grabbing landlords—hateful race—can understand. I spend innumerable hours of in full enjoyment of the field's fine ; and, yes, it is mine in the noblest feeling, for I know full well that Thompson, mine by right of use, mine by right of lawful owner, merely regards it as so much capital, or stock-in-trade, where he can feed the horse that trots around our little town between the shafts of his bread-cart.

MORNING JOY.

Early late I enjoy my field. On brilliant mornings I go out betimes to watch the silvered grass that sparkles as the sun lights up the heavy dews on every blade.

Up and down the field I run, urging my terrier with me. I feel the dew come soaking my shoes, wetting my feet and giving me a bath about the ankles. And then back to breakfast, three times more welcome after such a run than it can ever be to those who have no field like mine to lure them from their

Rare will gather in the field in hottest summer noon, and then I browse about in listless mood, or lie upon my field's attractive turf and send my dog to find stray rabbits in the hedges. Towards the evening slanting shadows, thrown by the bordering trees, break up my face, and strange, fantastic, mists appear along the sloping

hedges. My field puts on its gauzy night robe, silky, in greys and purples.

Then comes the time when peace unbroken settles down. With cautious steps I cross the road that separates my house and field, and, calling quietly to my dog to come to heel, I enter into an ideal world.

The dog, with hunting instinct, sniffs the misty air and slips away in wild pursuit of rabbits out for their evening feed and frolic. He is absent for ten minutes at a stretch, but always returns at last, contriving to arrive in such a way as if to make me think he has never left my side, nor ever could for half a hundred rabbits. But I know better, and forgive him, for were my field a little farther from the baker's house I fancy I should sometimes bring a gun and go home laden.

When fortune smiles on me I mean to buy this field and make it mine in every way, for such a field is worth preserving. It adds a pleasure to my life that I should be unwilling now to part with. Besides, the field is mine, for in its moods and changes I have learned to take an infinite delight. C. EASTON-GREY.

CLEARING A WAY.

If it is your good luck to be driving a fast trotting horse, you must have observed many times the inevitable trouble which you have with pedestrians, especially if your trap has rubber tyres. You are on them in a moment and you have no means of warning them of their danger except your voice.

It does not matter very much in the country, but when you are driving to market and have to deal with people straggling all over the street, your task is by no means a light one.

You can put this matter right at once by having fitted to the bottom of your trap a foot gong. All you have to do is to press a lever, and the bell says "ting, ting." You sound very like an electric brougham and people suppose that you are one, but what they think does not matter. They get out of the way, and that is what you want.

These foot gongs can be got from most saddlers and from all carriage builders. There are several kinds of them, but there is no use in paying a fancy price. Provided the gong gives a loud enough note, that is all you need.

"DIGS."

Holiday time is upon us, and you are thinking of where to go. You want a place where you can have a bit of riding, a shot at the rabbits, an occasional ratting expedition, and so forth.

In short, you want to put up at a farm.

But where? The difficulty is to find the place.

You can do it at once by advertising in our Readers' Sale and Exchange, at the cost of a shilling. The paper circulates in all parts of the country amongst just the kind of men you want to know. See page 3 of cover.

SEA-FISH.

AND THEIR FAVOURITE BAIT.

Having previously dealt with sea-fishing tackle I now propose to describe the best lures for the best known and most easily caught denizens of the deep.

For convenience sake, we will divide sea fish into those which frequent a sandy, and those which prefer a rocky bottom, and among the former cod first claims attention.

Night is the best time for cod, though it will bite freely through the day on a rising tide. Row out to deep water, and use a heavy sinker, baiting with a whelk, sand-launce, or mussels. Lower the lead till it touches bottom, then haul up till the baits are just clear of the ground.

That royal fish, turbot, will take sand-launce or a piece of smelt (only see in the latter case that the bait does not live up to its name) and the bait should rest on the bottom.

Codling is a lively customer, and will bolt whelk, mussel, crab, or sand-launce. If using hermit or soldier crab always tie it on to the hook with a couple of turns of silk, pink preferred, otherwise the bait will probably wash off.

The flounder is fond of all kinds of soft bait, such as sand-launce and mud-worm, small bits of which should be used.

The bass or sea perch is often a powerful fish, and when after it, don't forget to take a gaff. It feeds best in early morning and frequents river-mouths. Artificial spinners, sand-launce, squid (cuttle fish), pilchard, ray's liver and soft crab are the most fatal lures for bass.

Sole is practically the property of the professional fisherman, but you may occasionally catch one with any kind of soft bait on a rising tide. The bait should rest on the ground.

Whiting love fresh herring, pilchard, or mussels. Use ordinary ground line or paternoster, and fish close to the bottom.

Herring are often taken on bare hooks attached to paternoster gear and worked up and down, and they will sometimes take a fly, while at night mussel or pieces of *fresh* fish will tempt them.

Turning now to rocky bottom fish, pride of place must be given to the conger. It often grows to a great size and is an ugly customer to tackle. When caught, the best way of killing him is to get his head over the side of the boat and then, taking your knife, to make a deep nick at the back of his neck.

Conger bite best on a dark night, and will take almost any kind of bait, but the deadliest is a strip of cuttle fish or squid with a small piece of pilchard.

Never try to unhook a conger, unless you are sure it is several times dead.

It is usually taken with artificial bait, the red or black rubber eel being deadly, but it will take flies, the best perhaps being a black fly, ribbed with silver tinsel, and having a white wing. It will also take ray, mackerel, or gurnard skin, and large rag-worms.

The gurnard deserves a separate paragraph. Readers of *Punch* may remember a delightful picture many years ago showing "Mr. Briggs" catching his first perch, which in his own words, "flew at him and barked like a dog."

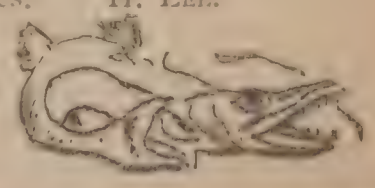
Well, your first gurnard will probably surprise you by grunting loudly as you haul him aboard. A piece of mackerel, crab, or whelk is *the* bait for him.

Bream will take a small piece of pilchard, fresh herring, or mussel, also sand-launce or mud-worm.

Hake is voracious, but never more so than when tempted with herring or pilchard. Use strong tackle and be careful how you unhook him.

There are, of course, many other kinds of sea-fish, but the above are those with which the amateur fisherman will have best luck.

If you are wise you will always consult the local fishermen as to the best bait to use, as they often have local specialities. H. LEE.



AGAINST THE LAW

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By VICTOR S. COLE.

"There's a signal of distress flying from the lighthouse, sir; and another I don't understand the meaning of."

Captain Frean turned quickly in the direction of the lighthouse, at his mate's intimation.

"Confound!" he exclaimed. "Stop the ship! We'd better find out what's wrong, I suppose. Why the devil can't they ring up the coastguard on the telephone? Fetch the code-book, Gray!"

The book was brought.

"Now, what's the meaning of the other signal? Hum! Ha! 'Doctor wanted. Mate dangerously ill, fear dying.' Here's a nuisance now! We'll have to send the surgeon, and wait for him. It will mean an hour's delay at least. Pass the word for the surgeon, Mr. Gray!"

All the passengers were listening eagerly to the dialogue, curious to know what the stopping of the ship and the signals at the lighthouse meant.

Captain Frean paced impatiently to and fro, pending the doctor's coming. He was fuming over this unlooked-for delay.

One of the passengers stepped forward.

"Captain Frean, I am a fully qualified medical man, and if I can be of assistance in this case I shall be only too happy. I am an idler on the earth. The study of medicine has simply been a hobby with me. I am one of life's failures, and——"

The captain made an impatient gesture.

"Your pardon! You are quite right. I am wasting your time and the ship's. Put me ashore at the lighthouse and I'll do what I can for the invalid. You need not wait for me—you may go on without me"

"You are very kind, sir. I do not know your name."

"Frederick Coles, sir."

"Thank you. Well, Mr. Coles, I gladly accept your kind offer, for I cannot dispense with the services of the ship's doctor, and at best he might be delayed some considerable time. Call away a boat there, quick! I presume you have your medicine chest complete, Mr. Coles?"

"Yes, sir. I will be ready in a few minutes."

He was as good as his word; and, as he sprang down the ladder into the boat, the other passengers gave him a hearty cheer.

The boat was rowed quickly to the lighthouse. A keeper appeared on the steps and descended to the landing-place.

"You have brought the doctor?" he called out anxiously.

"I am a doctor."

Dr. Coles leaped smartly on to the tide-washed steps. He was a small, thin man, with a clean-shaven, hatchet face. The keeper was a big, burly man with a coarse, red, weather-beaten countenance, as solemn and unemotional apparently as the Sphinx's.

They made a strange contrast, as they turned to ascend the steps winding round the tower—the alert, nimble little man; the slow-moving, solemn-visaged giant.

Without exchanging a word, the pair mounted to the entrance, passed inside, and ascended through the store-room to the bedroom.

It was also the living-room or kitchen. There were two bunks, and in one of them lay the sick man.

"Here's a doctor at last, Jim, old pal! Ye'll excuse me, sir. I've duties to perform upstairs, but if ye want me, there's the speaking-tube, or ye can call out."

It was some little time later when the doctor followed him up. With quick, noiseless, cat-like tread, the little man took the stairs two and three at a time, and stepped as softly into the compartment above.

It was the lantern, and, being day, buff-coloured curtains were drawn all round to match the paint outside. The medical man's sharp eyes, however, promptly made out the form of the big keeper kneeling beside the lighting apparatus.

"God in Heaven, spare his life—let him live. We have been mates so long, and—and I haven't a soul left in all the world to care for but him."

The big man's face was buried in his hands, and the doctor stood for a moment surveying him in the greatest surprise, then softly turned and stole back down the stairs.

"I'll save his life, though it cost me my own. What is my life worth, after all? Nothing. I should be no loss if I went! and perhaps it would be better to die than live to——"

He did not finish the sentence, but shivered.

"There's nothing else for it as I have no anti-toxin. I must suck the throat. He'll be dead in a quarter-of-an-hour if I don't."

He was washing his hands and the instrument he had used when the big keeper came down the stairs as solemn and unemotional as ever.

"Well, doctor, what's the verdict? Will he—"

"Make your mind easy. He will live. Of course, he is not yet out of danger——"

"Oh, God be thanked, sir, and you!" He was emotional enough now.

"Did you know what it was?"

"I thought it was diphtheria, sir."

"It was diphtheria, my man. You are not afraid of the infection?"

"Afraid of the infection, sir! Why, he only has me to look after him. He hasn't anyone else in the world to care for him; no more than I have anyone but him."

"I shall remain and help you to nurse him until he is out of danger. I am not the ship's doctor. I was a passenger aboard. I told them they need not wait for me."

"Oh, sir, how can Jim and me thank you?"

"Tut! Never mind that. Jim's now out of immediate danger, and, with proper attention, he'll pull through all right. I had no anti-toxin, that was the worst of it; and I thought of asking you to do something that would save him, but might have cost you your life, if you had done it."

"Might only, sir? Oh, why didn't ye ask me, doctor? I'd do anything for Jim. I'd ha' done it, no matter if it was to lay down my own life, to save his, and that's the Gospel truth."

"It was to suck his throat. Would you have done that? It means almost certain infection."

"Do you want it done, sir? I'll do it for you, sir, now—at once. Will he be all right then?"

"It is done, my man. I did it myself."

"What, sir! You—you risked your own life to save his? Ye did that, sir?"

"Well, someone had to do it. There was no other way. And my life isn't worth much—not as much as his, if you only knew."

But the big man did not catch the last words. He had sunk upon his knees, with his great weather-beaten face working strangely and the salt tears glistening in his eyes.

"God bless ye, sir! God bless ye a hundred-fold for what ye've done to-day; and may He preserve you from the infection you risked. Tell me—tell me your name, doctor, so that Jim and me may love and reverence it always."

"My name is George Henry Slidell," was the answer, with a keen glance into the ardent, deeply-moved face below his own. No sus- change took place in that face, as the doctor seemed to expect.

"I shall never—never forget it, sir, nor Jim neither, I know. God bless ye, sir!"

Tears that were no disgrace to his six or more of manhood were streaming down the keeper's cheeks. He bowed his head and kissed the other's hands.

Slidell or Coles drew away as if stung.

"There—there, my man; there's no make such a fuss about it. What is your name? I should like to know it. Such friendship as yours—such love as you bear your comrade—I have never met before."

"My name's Samuel Willet, sir."

For three days they nursed the patient between them, taking turn and turn about. At the end of that time Jim was out of danger.

The visitor was now anxious to get away; but it was not until evening that Willet was able to attract the attention of some fishermen and make them understand what was required of them.

"You want the gent taken ashore? Very good, we'll send the rowboat to the rock in an hour's time. We're rather busy just now."

The hour was up, and the rowboat was alongside the steps. It was a pitch-black night, perfectly calm.

Willet was at the entrance, waiting to take the visitor off. He was in the bedroom, taking leave of the invalid.

Whir! Ting! Ting! Ting!

It was the telephone in the store-room.

"Yes; are ye there?" he called.

"Who is that? Is that you, Willet?" asked a voice the keeper knew—the coastguard officer at the adjacent station.

"Yes. Is that Captain Graham?"

"It is. Are you there? Well, that [illegible] that landed from the 'Calabria'—he has not left the lighthouse yet, has he?"

"No. What about him?"

"Does he answer to this description? small, thin man, clean-shaven, with sharp features?"

"That's the man, right enough," replied unsuspecting Willet, readily and [illegible]

"Well, do not let him leave the lighthouse. He is a defaulter. He is wanted for big frauds perpetrated by bills with forged acceptances. Where is he now? Not listening beside you, I hope?"

"No; he is upstairs in the bedroom with Forrest."

"That's all right then. He was travelling by the 'Calabria' under the name of Coles, but his proper name is Slidell. Don't give him any idea you are aware of his identity. The police boat is starting out now. Good-bye!"

Willet hung up the receiver and staggered like a drunken man.

"Good God!" he gasped. "A defaulter! forger! What shall I do? I never disobeyed an order yet, but he risked his life for Jim. I can't give him up—I can't."

He tottered to the stairs.

"Doctor, are ye coming?" he called. The voice he did not recognise as his own. "The men are getting impatient."

Slidell came skipping down the stairs. The Willet's face in the lamplight halted him suddenly, like a shot.

"Not a word! I know everything. The police just telephoned from the coastguard station. The police are coming for ye. Put on the overcoat and this hat. Give me your own! The fishing boat'll take ye to the opposite side of the bay, so that you're not likely to be [illegible] stopped. Have ye any money?"

"No; I only had enough to pay my passage in the steamer."

"Wait a moment."

Willet fairly flew up the stairs. He was back in next to no time, unheeding the calls of [illegible]

"Here are five sovereigns and some loose silver. You'll catch the fast mail to London, if ye lose no time. Go now, quickly, and God-guard ye!"

THE PRICE

Oh! how dutiful to all payment.—Byron.

Every movement chronicled, every saying noted. Obliged at almost all times to bridle their tongues; rarely permitted to express their real thoughts. Compelled daily to perform a most wearisome round of duties; to attend dull functions; to be bored by constant iteration must have become intolerably stale; to listen to the same old speeches and addresses, to receive the same old presents and boxes.

Ordered to marry or to be given in marriage, often irrespective of affection. Forced in all things to subordinate self to State; expected always to wear a smiling face, to show interest in things that must have lost all interest; living in the fierce light that beats upon a throne—the price of sovereignty—a king's ransom.

* * * * * *

Money was his god ever since as a small boy he went out sixpences at the usurious interest of a halfpenny a week. Growing older he still dreamed of money, fought for money, made money. Sometimes he made it honestly, but always he made money.

A million man he said to himself, when I have £50,000 I shall stop, and begin to enjoy life; but the £50,000 gave way to a £100,000 goal; that mark was passed and he strove for a quarter of a million, made it, and forged towards a million.

To-day he is worth five millions, but he cannot stop, he must keep on adding to his riches, money is the only thing he understands, the only thing that interests him.

Once or twice he has tried to break away from the golden net, and enjoy life, only to fail miserably. The capacity for enjoyment is atrophied, dead.

Acquaintances he has many, friends none. He mistrusts everybody, none would trust him. He buys many things, but nothing worth having. Affection, love of children, man's friendship he has never known them.

He had no time to live when he was young, now it is too late to begin.

Office clerks get a thousand times more out of life than he, their millionaire master. He is more friendless, more miserable than the vagrant of the streets.

Men hate him, none like him for himself. Rising ghosts spring from the shadows and he sits alone in his great library, ghosts of men defrauded, trampled upon, pushed down. Ghosts of women and children he drove to want and misery. He shudders and rings for lights.

His secretary brings him a telegram—another addition to his store. But the news leaves him cold, and a chill fear grips his heart. He has feared this for some time, and now knows that even money has ceased to attract. Three years left him to live for now? An hour answers the question once and for all, and shatters the brains of the multi-millionaire.

He has paid the price of love of life.

* * * * *

He is still a young man, but already his name is on the lips of men. He has fought and he has conquered; he has climbed far above his wondering companions and wrested the prize that hung on the dizzy heights aloft.

Other young men envy him greatly, and say to each other, how happy he must be, his future assured, success won, his mark made. Older men envy him, too, and also they fear him—someone has got to make room for him, whose turn shall it be next to step down? they ask themselves uneasily.

And he, is he happy? Surely he must be; he has realised his boyish dreams; he has done a man's work, he has won a man's place in the world, he is still young. Young in years, but old in heart. Fain would he return to his youth, but there is a barrier 'twixt him and it. He may leap or break down the barrier, but though he go among them, he is not of them.

They admire him, but they shrink a little from him. He would give the world to share their laughter, to eat, drink, and be merry with them, but the laughter dies when he approaches; they make room for him at the table, but they draw away on either side; he is a guest, an honoured guest, but no longer a comrade.

He turns to the older men, but they too shrink from him. He is an interloper, an upstart, a new and dangerous rival.

"Damn his old head on young shoulders," they say. "We like young men; we can renew our vanished youth in them; but this fellow gives us the creeps with his smooth boyish face and understanding eyes—it is like watching a child drink wine. Curse him for a changeling, a monstrosity, an abortion. He knows too much. He sees through us."

And he, he is more than a little afraid. Gone are the days of gay irresponsibility. He has won the prize, but he is like to faint beneath its weight. If he worked hard before, he must work doubly hard now. He has something now to lose, where before he had only everything to gain. Much is expected of him, much must he render back. Above all, something has gone from him. He scarcely realises what, but he knows that somehow he is changed.

He has crossed the Rubicon; he has paid for a man's niche in the world with his youth and his innocence. And the price is heavy—very, very heavy.

* * * * * * *

There is a hoarse, startled shout from the look-out in the bows; a sudden jarring round of the wheel, while the engine-room telegraph bell clangs furiously. But too late. In another second the great steamer has struck the sunken derelict.

All is orderly confusion. "Women and children first!" There is no need for the cry, there are men aboard.

Swiftly the boats are lowered, swiftly filled, and they pull away. The captain stands serene on the bridge. The passengers at least, thank God, are safe. But hurry, hurry, hurry, already the ship is settling down. The last boat is safely lowered. "Coming, sir?" shouts the officer in the stern, but he knows what the answer will be. The captain shakes his head, and smiles. Pull away, pull away. The great ship quivers from bow to stern, and then with one tremendous plunge goes down head first. The price of manhood, the price of duty.

* * * * * * *

He gazes dully at the piece of tape he has torn from the clicking machine in the corner. He scarcely sees the figures on it, yet they burn and brand themselves into his brain. It seems incredible, monstrous, yet it is true. He is ruined. Anacondas have not risen, they have fallen like a shooting star. He is ruined, and slowly he realises it. One thought surges uppermost in his tortured brain: his wife and family, how shall he face them? It means the gutter for them, and he has sent them there, he who loves them, who is loved by them. Fool, damned fool that he was; he had enough, but he wanted more.

The bill is presented; he has to pay the price that every gambler pays sooner or later. It is not he, however, who will pay it to the uttermost farthing, but those who have trusted him, who have put their lives in his keeping.

* * * * * * *

He walks the quarter-deck alone; alone he dines in his cabin save when he commands, for he cannot invite one of his officers to dine with him. He has powers almost of life and death; life and death certainly hang on his decision. The slightest error on his part, a moment's aberration or want of judgment and a nation may crumble into ruins.

He is only human, but he has the powers, the responsibilities, the splendid, but awful isolation of a god. He cannot mix with other men; he must ever keep himself aloof, apart; he must pay not only for his own mistakes but for the mistakes of others.

Always he is lonely. Human companionship is practically denied him. He dare not, he must not unbend; ever must he wear an impenetrable mask. Such is the price of naval authority.

* * * * * * *

He is little more than thirty, but already he is worn out. His limbs move in a curious, jerky fashion; he seeks to put his foot down there, but misses the mark by inches six and more.

His face is drawn, hollow, and pinched, his eyes sunken and dreadful to look upon. His voice is cracked and querulous, and when he laughs, which is seldom, it is like the rattling of bones in a coffin. He is a dreadful travesty of what was once a man. Inch by inch he dies a living death. He is paying the price of pleasure.

Men look contemptuously at him as he shambles by. He has long since lost all trace of self-respect. His skin is dirty, his linen filthy, grime and dust lie thick on his battered hat and greasy clothes. His hands tremble, and his skin is blotched and foul. He slinks from bar to bar, hopeful of finding some chance and charitable acquaintance, but all shun him. He is a nuisance, a bore.

He had his chance once, but he threw it away. Men do not forgive that sort of thing. They cannot be bothered with deserved failure. He has made his bed; let him lie on it. And so he slinks, and shambles, and shuffles about, a pariah, an object of scorn, a thing unclean, and in the bitterest self-loathing, in hellish tortures of mind and body he pays the price of drink.

* * * * * * *

With aching heart and weary limbs he drags himself before the footlights. Round after round of applause greets him, and roar after roar of laughter rises as he smirks and grimaces and goes through his bag of tricks. Yet all the while his heart is leaden; he is sick to death of life; he is tired, so very, very tired. But he must go on; he dare not stop. The public pays the piper, and therefore has the right to call the tune. Let him relax for a moment, and some rival will quickly push him aside.

He is haunted ever by the fear of failure, of growing old, of losing his grip on the public. Anxiously he scans his face each morning for signs of advancing age; feverishly he watches his audience for any symptom of disfavour. He must keep up, for once let him falter, and he might as well expect mercy as a wounded wolf from the pack. He is more a slave than any poor wretch in a galley. He cannot call his soul his own and he has to go on working when his one desire is to creep away and hide himself like some sick dog. It is the price that the actor and all who live by favour of the public have to pay.

It is said that every man has his price. If that be so, it is truer still that every man has to pay the price of his actions, good or bad, and sometimes the price is heaviest when the world envies him for his riches, his fame, his success.

R. J. GORING.

THE QUARRYMAN.

A SKETCH.

Every inch of his quarry has been hewn at the cost of infinite patience in the side of the wooded hill.

Coming suddenly upon it in the midst of countless graceful larches, at whose feet flows a secluded, bird-haunted river, it shocks by its glaring contrast with its setting. A winding, deep-rutted trackway leads from the heart of the hillside quarry to the main road, on to which, at regular intervals, a lumbering cart will creak, and crawl away with its sandstone load to the limits of the parish, there to empty its contents upon the grassy roadside in readiness for the stone-breakers.

The quarry is seldom visited except by the road foreman, the quarryman, and myself.

Its picturesqueness is wasted upon the other two, who look upon it merely as a source of supply for what they unromantically call road-metal. The foreman measures up the quarryman's work from week to week, pays him by the piece, and hurries off to other duties, casting not a single glance around at the contrasts that the place affords.

To me the quarry is a constant source of interest tempered by a vain and foolish regret that such a gash should needs be cut into the peaceful face of Earth. Long before I reach the little wood in which the quarry lies I hear the falling stones or the quarryman's pick seeking out the blocks with sure and certain stroke.

The quarryman himself is ever interesting. He is a lean and rather silent man, of that age and bearing at which a man shows many signs of his prime though not perhaps at the zenith of his vigour. He had his fling as a soldier when a lad, and has been fortunate enough to settle down, as all old soldiers ought to do, in the village where he was born.

His stories of the military life have doubtless sent many a youth off to the nearest recruiting sergeant, anxious to take the shilling and put on the uniform.

But he is not old yet. He has great vigour and is wiry and alert. He knows that Nature must be "humoured," as he calls it, if her secrets and her gifts are ever to be caught and used, and so he never pits brute strength against the rocky face of earth. He is a man of knack and method, and is very cunning in his knowledge of the stones. He is by instinct a geologist, and knows at once which way to give his pick a twist and where to drive its blunted nose in order to dislodge the stubborn blocks.

He is as sandy as the stones he works. His very clothes have taken on the pale hues of the earth around him.

Unerringly his eye selects the stones best fitted for mere metal, and these he heaps together where the cart can load.

The better stones, the shapely ones, he lays aside elsewhere, and when he has collected a sufficient heap, he lays his pick aside, and takes up other tools. With marvellous dexterity he chips their edges, gives them a flat and even face, and stacks them in a solid square.

These he preserves for building "dykes" or walls between the fields, to take the place of hedges.

Day after day the quarry echoes with his industry. He works alone, and always welcomes me as some evidence that he is not forsaken by the world in his loneliness.

Only at long and irregular intervals do others visit him. Sometimes a tramp will slouch up the track and sit and watch the work in progress, but the quarryman works on and never ceases puffing at his short black pipe, filled with hand-crushed rolls of brown twist. He resents such visits from the idlers.

As he takes his modest lunch, cutting up his bread and cheese and bacon, he listens to the infrequent carts as they rumble along; and the carters, as they sing or whistle, seldom suspect that he is sitting there listening, alone with the stone in the heart of Nature.

M. BRUCE.

MY NOTEBOOK.

A PROTEST. This morning I have received two letters of special interest, and I reproduce the essence of them because they show in a nutshell the contrast between the different ways of looking at life.

"For heaven's sake," says one, "stop telling us about horses. I believe I was born for the saddle, but circumstances have been all along against me, and I have to content myself with a clerk's stool. When I read about the gallops over the green turf of the country, and drives through the green lanes, my mouth absolutely waters. I am not jealous of the man who can go in for these things, because I would certainly go in for them myself if finance permitted, but when I see a man riding or driving, or even when I read about these things, I feel what it would be difficult to express, a kind of contempt for myself for not being able to do these things too."

APPROVAL. Here is the part that matters from the second letter:

"After reading your various articles and stories in which the horsey element is so strong, I was fired with a desire to become a bit of a horseman myself, and therefore I promptly joined our local Yeomanry corps. The exercise is fine, and I consider that I have the best spare time amusement that any man could wish for. I am much obliged to you for putting me on to it."

BLOOD. There is a good deal of human nature to be seen in these two letters if you look for it. In the first we have the thinker, feeling the ordinary sensations of life, but doing nothing beyond meditating upon them. He wants to be a horseman; he cannot afford to be one; he stops there and does a mild grouse.

My other correspondent is probably nothing of a thinker at all, but he has in him that quality which we describe as blood. As soon as the idea comes to him that he wants something, he sets about getting it.

THOUGHT AND ACTION. The meditative chap has much of my sympathy, but I think that my heart is with the other. For my own part I have never professed to be a thinker. I have a few simple ideals and desires, I have allowed them to form the mainspring of my life, and I have worked for their gratification.

I am not satisfied—I hope I never shall be. The man who has everything he wants has nothing to look forward to and thus misses one of the keenest joys of life.

Some time ago there appeared in THE MODERN MAN an article entitled "Being a Brute." I bought that article because it struck a responsive chord within myself. The writer condemned introspection, meditation and that sort of thing, and advocated what one might call simple masculinity.

I do not think that I can claim to be like him in having tasted of both outlooks on life, for the meditative one has never appealed to me.

I have wide sympathies, but they are all of a human sort, with reference rather to men and women than to theories. It has been the same, I am glad to say, throughout my life. I have gone in for sport while other men read books; I have plunged into the world of business while other men were still thinking about it.

Of course I have missed something—we all do—but I think that my own simple, possibly brutal, outlook upon life is the best one as a producer of happiness.

LATE FOR WORK. "For some months," writes a correspondent, "I have been at work painting the bridges of the South Eastern and Chatham line. It is impossible for me to live close to the bridge we are engaged on because we are constantly shifted from one to another, and so I have to travel each morning to work by train. If the train is [illegible] hind time and I am so much as a minute [illegible] I lose a whole quarter-of-an-hour's time. I think this amounts to tyranny on the part of the railway authorities."

I have sometimes felt very much as he appears to do. At one time I sub-edited a paper owned by one of the leading periodical manufacturing companies, and on taking up the position I was astonished to find the hall-porter peeping through a pigeon hole taking down the times of each arrival. We were expected to be at work punctually by half-past nine.

The thing was ridiculous.

A sub-editor's work is not like that of a painter of railway bridges; he cannot [illegible] at six o'clock, but, when need is, must [illegible] paper through if it takes him till eleven o'clock or midnight.

CARPETED. For my own part I never [illegible] attention to the hall-porter and [illegible] time-book, and eventually I was summoned to my chief's room and requested to turn up more punctually.

I recounted the facts I have stated here, [illegible] and politely, and suggested that the hall-porter should also take a note of the number of manuscripts I took home to read and of the [illegible] hours I stopped at the office after the porter had gone home to his tea.

Next morning I made a point of visiting the chief's room shortly after ten o'clock.

I had my hat in my hand to inform him that I had just arrived. He said nothing, but it was the last I ever heard of the time [illegible]

With ordinary trades, however, I am inclined to think that employers are justified in maintaining discipline in the matter of punctuality. If a five minutes' licence is given, everybody will take that five minutes, and it will be ten minutes past till work begins.

Some houses fine their employees, and I know of one which dismisses a clerk if he is late [illegible] times in the course of a year.

The most effective method, however, has been devised by a firm in Cornhill. Their clerks are allowed to be as late as they like, but for every five times one day is deducted from their annual holiday.

GROWING. Here is a little personal item that may bring home a point to you. I have now been running this paper for over six months, and I have had to send all my waistcoats to the tailor's to get them let out [illegible] inch at each side—at the chest, not at the waist, I am happy to say.

Since I have been running THE MODERN MAN I have grown in bulk. This has not been due to an increased amount of exercise, for my time for recreation has, during these months, been limited. Also the increase has taken place in spite of many worries incidental to a project of this kind. I have put in the hardest half-year of all my life, and yet I have grown broader during it.

Why?

I think it is because I am happier now, [illegible] I have ever been, for I am doing the work I am best fitted for.

Do not suppose that I am patting myself on the back. I do not profess to be in any way fitted to be an editor of the old-fashioned type; I believe, however, that as the editor of a paper of this kind, I am doing as good work as I am capable of doing. There are many things which you would have otherwise; I do not deny that there are many possible improvements; but the paper as it stands provides me with something more than an ideal occupation. It enables me to build up the wide friendships that I have longing for and to knock on the head [illegible] the moss-grown restraints which cant and bugs had placed upon a man's self-expression.

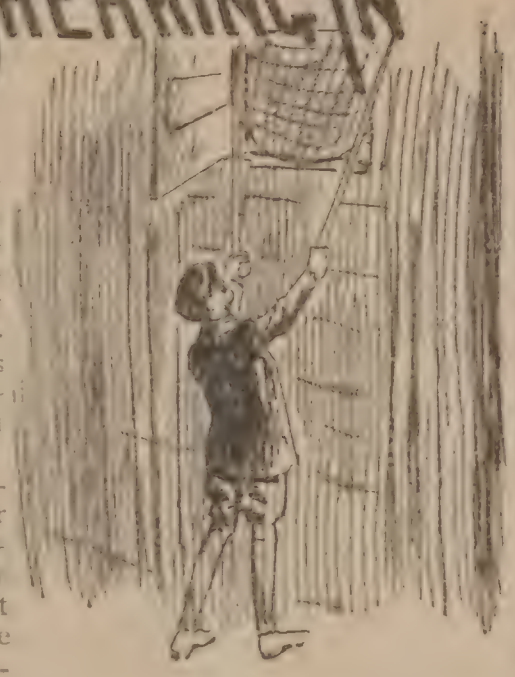
YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

BARTON'S BREAKING-IN

A SHORT STORY.

By E. WARD HALDON.



The club, as we call it, consisted of three members, and a probationer whose time of pro- was [illegible] pro- to the university of the club comprised all its whether he in the event

on was the pro- the cause of our him member- that he and hottest the collective lub could re-

ys he was an excellent fellow and to us chiefly on account of for all that a healthy- attraction in country life. about him was that this love nature should be so strong in was an out-and-out Londoner.

his advent to our office, and his acceptance of invitation to get diggings in the same in Bloomsbury, naturally opened up the further question of his ultimate membership of the club. But we had hesitated over his election for more than five months, of course without showing him that we had met long and often to date.

e than two or three occasions he had disorganised our little arrangements s strange offence at nothing at all, so we could see, and his temper at such was like a combination of an earthquake a thunderstorm, with a heavy hail-storm own in.

with its extended week-end upon us, and we had laid our what we hoped would be an ideal ex- The only unsettled point was: Should adopt Jack Barton as a full member and him with us?

companion as a rule, stories, an ideal loafer and already proved.

per! That was the one uncertain We had almost decided upon his elec- three days before our expedition of the members propounded a final test of his fitness.

agreed that Barton should company the club and that dur- should be subjected to the hing." If he took it well and own expense, we should have no in adopting him. If he took it ill, then knew he would quickly leave his diggings with the club, and we should be well rid of him.

Our holiday plan was to put up at a roomy, spreading old farmhouse away in the depths of Hampshire—a pl[illegible] where we invariably received a [illegible] welcome from the farmer and h[illegible] disposal.

We would send on by train our necessary changes of clothes, and on the Friday afternoon after office hours we would mount our bicycles and ride easily out of London, arriving at the farm in time for a hearty supper and a good night's rest, in preparation for the three days' delight we had promised ourselves.

Once comfortably established at the farm, our idea was to ride, potter, and climb the Downs, and generally to live the open air life; picking up our grub at the quaint inns of the country, and [illegible] the most by day and night of our [illegible] from the calls of work.

The last few days dragged heavily, but at last the Friday came, and all London seemed to be making for the country. The club, with Barton as the fourth, set out in good time, and without mishap we rode steadily for some hours towards our farmhouse refreat. The roads were good, the weather delightful, and the country never looked greener or fresher.

The last few miles in the early darkness became a regular race, each one doing his best to reach the farm before the other.

And then we arrived.

II.

We sat long and late that night chatting over the events that had happened since our last visit, and hearing from the farmer, whose memory was often checked and refreshed by his comfortable wife, all the news of the countryside, chiefly concerning the crops and cattle, the shooting, and the great runs of the local pack of hounds.

The discreetest of our number was told off early next morning to acquaint our host with the plan we wished to put into execution and to enlist his sympathetic co-operation. It was agreed that at breakfast the conversation should be skilfully conducted towards a discussion of the birds of the neighbourhood, that the farmer should express a wish to possess as a pet, one of the many owls that inhabited the great barn, and that we should all offer to undertake the capture of one that very night with the aid of a sparrow-catching net.

The plot worked out admirably.

"Did ye hear them owls in the night?" asked our wily confederate.

Only one of the club admitted having heard the wailing hoot of the birds.

"I'd rare like to try and catch one of 'em and see if he'd live in a cage," continued our host. "There be a main lot of 'em as flies in and out o' the great barn, by the loft window, and I've often had a mind to try and catch one with the sparrer net."

The idea fired us with well simulated enthusiasm, and Barton was as eager as we were to try and capture one of the owls and present it to the farmer. There and then it was agreed that when darkness was come we should steal round to the barn. One of us should hold the net aloft, outside the barn against the loft window, while the others should go inside and frighten out any owls there might be within. Then, when one of them came blundering out into the net, this was to be quickly closed and the bird secured.

The "sparrer" net was made ready during the afternoon, and by early evening all was ready. The ornithological expert of the club considered it unwise to attempt the capture until the very last thing before retiring, as before that time, he declared, the owls were out and about feeding, and were not so likely to have returned to the barn.

It was fortunate for us that Barton's knowledge of bird life was not equal to his interest in it, or our plans and arguments would have been open to severe criticism. But he swallowed it all, and we had no fear of failure.

III.

The solemn old grandfather-clock had buzzed out eleven when the four of us stole softly from the house, and, net in hand, made our way gingerly through the farmyard towards the great barn, which stood up gaunt and ghostly, the loft door, high up in the wall, standing wide open, and giving us a glimpse of the black and cavernous interior.

The dogs barked furiously at the sound of strange feet, and as we left the house, the farmer wished us luck from an upper window.

"Turn the key in the door when you come in again," he said, "and when you've got him, turn him into the old fowl-pen till mornin'. He'll do no harm there as 'tis empty."

"Right you are,' we answered in chorus, and went on our way.

The first question to be settled was: who should hold the net? Each of the party wished to be the one to effect the actual capture, and each in turn tried his hand at holding the net against the gaping opening in the barn wall.

Fortune favoured us in this, for Barton proved to have the longest reach, and was delighted when we agreed that he should take the net while we entered the barn from the doorway round on the other side, and send out the lurking owls.

He assured us that he could easily manage the net, and declared that, once inside the meshes, no owl would escape him.

Telling him to wait until he heard us within, we left him and stole silently round to the barn door. The ladder had already been placed so that access to the loft was easy and direct. Close to the window was a large pail of clean cold water, which also had been placed there earlier in the day by one of the club.

The time was ripe for the execution of the plan. It needed but one of the three to mount the loft and send the "owl" swishing out.

From within the barn we called in mock eagerness to Barton: "Are you ready?"

"Yes," came the confident answer.

Then followed a confused noise within as the imaginary owls were dislodged.

"Look out," we shouted. "There's one in here." Then, after a pause and much commotion: "Here it comes. Now, Barton, don't miss it."

Swish! splash!

"Damn! Devil take you!" we heard him spluttering in astonishment and anger as the entire contents of the pail soused him from head to foot.

As hastily as possible we escaped from the scene; hurried across the yard; and within five minutes of the flight of the "owl" we were comfortably in bed, listening with considerable interest, not entirely unmixed with a certain amount of anxiety, for Barton's step on the stairs.

The moments seemed hours. No sound came to tell us that he had returned; and though none of us said a word, each was conscious of feeling a vague uneasiness. Could Barton have been injured? Had he gone back to London there and then? Had the cold water given him a serious shock? These and less definite possibilities began to worry us considerably as the minutes went on, and still Barton did not return.

For a full hour we sat up in our beds wondering what had become of him, when someone suggested that we should dress and go out to look for him.

As we were passing along the corridor that led past his door and down the stairs we were surprised to see the marks of his wet feet and dripping clothes, showing that unheard by us he had returned to the house.

Listening at his door we were further astonished to hear the deep breathing of a man obviously in heavy sleep, and opening the door, we entered noiselessly. In a heap in the corner were his soaked clothes, while he himself lay fast asleep. Our complete success and the relief at finding him safely in bed reassured us, and we were stealing softly from the room when a spluttering beneath the clothes caught our ear. The next moment Barton was sitting up in bed and the four of us were joining in the heartiest laugh we had had for many a day.

"You did it very well indeed," he said; and the tone of his voice and his manner told us that the cure had been complete.

Thereafter he became entitled to full membership of "the club," and we have never regretted the ceremony of initiation. If you ask Barton we believe he would say "Neither have I."

Business·is·Business

A WEEKLY FEATURE
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

THE ART OF SAVING TIME.

I was very much amused the other day to read in a paper an imaginative article dealing with longevity. A certain German professor was supposed to have discovered a kind of elixir of life which would enable every one of us to live to be about a hundred and fifty, and the writer of the comment waxed facetious over the prospects of such a state of affairs.

"If every man in business lived to be a hundred and fifty," he said, "we should find ourselves under the thumb of a comparatively small number of millionaires. There would be few wealthy men and a vast number of under-paid subordinates. For supposing that men became more clever under the new conditions, they could scarcely fail to make a great deal of money if they lived to be a hundred and fifty, for in the race for business success this is more a matter of combating time than fighting against opposition."

In that last sentence he said more perhaps than meets the eye. The race for business success is, as he suggests, a matter of time, and the successful man is he who manages to get into every eight hour day the work that would ordinarily take sixteen hours.

We do not need to live to be a hundred and fifty in order to gain business success. I suppose that the average business life varies between twenty and thirty years, and in that time we hope to make enough to keep us in comfort during our old age. Some of us manage to gain our object, and many of us fail. If any man could live to be a hundred and fifty, he would, if he were provided with average intelligence, inevitably succeed, for time would be in his favour.

Seeing that you have no chance of living to this age, you want to make time your servant instead of your master; in short, you have to save time. In the ordinary day's work there are many wasted moments. A man talks to someone who visits him and imagines that he is doing business; in most cases he is not, and the time so spent should be debited to his leisure, for it is not, in the money sense, profitable.

Here you have the first suggestion in the matter of time saving, and remember that by saving time you are lengthening your life, for it counts not by the number of years it occupies, but by the amount that is gone through during it.

Cut down interviewers to the very limit allowed by courtesy. I do not suggest that you put up those foolish Yankee mottoes, "Don't talk" and "Be concise," they are an insult to every person who comes into your room, but I would urge you to weigh exactly the value of the time you spend in what you may be pleased to call friendly chatting. Is it worth while? Experience shows me that in most cases it is not. Infinite time is spent in the endeavour to make oneself solid with somebody else; in most cases the result that you are striving for and wasting time over, would be attained more readily by brevity and the quick transaction of business.

My next suggestion is in the matter of your own limitations. Being a pushing man, you naturally have every confidence in yourself, but there are many things which at present you are doing, that a competent assistant or even a shrewd office boy could do for you. I speak of my own business, but the principle is applicable to yours also; consider the points where you can let go the reins and hand them over to somebody else; you may think that the work would not be so well done by anyone other than yourself, but I invite you to try the experiment and prove your error. Having relieved yourself by passing to others a large proportion of your work, you leave your mind free for fresh endeavour, and thus insure the more rapid increase of your business.

What would you think of the merchant who spent so many hours daily licking stamps? And yet that is what many a business man of to-day is doing in a metaphorical sense. He is wasting his time over details that could very well be done by his assistants.

No matter whether you are a merchant, shopkeeper, or a mechanic, there are things which you can hand over to other people and there are points where, by a little consideration, you can save so many half-hours each day. By saving them you are not actually adding to your life, but you are enabling yourself to get through more work and consequently you attain a higher success than would otherwise be possible.

BAIT.

A new firm of tea merchants recently spent the enormous sum of £150,000 in forwarding packets of their tea to every householder in the Kingdom. Whether their bold bid for fortune will be successful has yet to be seen, but there is no doubt that one of the surest ways of winning public favour is to give away something for nothing. Customers with money feel that they must give an order, so as to reimburse the enterprising firm for the cost of the sample received from it.

It is best not to send the samples to the consumer's house, as that may give him the impression that you are giving away the stuff because it has failed to catch public favour. It is much better to make him do some little thing for it.

An arrangement may be made with a local tradesman, whereby he exhibits a bill in his window stating that every customer who spends sixpence or more with him on a certain day, will be presented with a tin of the commodity you are booming. In this way you induce the local tradesman to push your wares, for by so doing he is increasing his own business, and you increase the respect in which the public hold your products because you have made them do something before they get them.

One firm even gives away money. It is a well known bucket-shop, against which I cannot too emphatically warn my readers. Its plan is to send you a letter inviting you to buy certain stock, and informing you that the management is so certain of profit, that they will not even require you to send a deposit. You agree to this extraordinary speculation, and a few days later you receive a small cheque, alleged to be the profits on the transaction. Needless to say this is bait to catch gulls, for it is the last profit you will ever see from this particular bucket-shop.

SPORT AND TRADE.

The exhibition of an athletic cup or trophy in the window of a shop is a familiar sight. Generally the scheme is so badly carried out that even though a large crowd of people gather upon the pavement, no particular benefit accrues to the shopkeeper.

I have even seen drapers exhibiting football cups. Nothing could be more useless. Women will not look at these cups, the spectators being wholly men, and the shop has nothing that the men can be tempted to buy.

The only kind of shop that can benefit by an exhibition of athletic trophies, is a shop that is ready to supply something that men require. I remember seeing a tailor's shop on one occasion with its window admirably dressed, and having a silver cup as a centre piece. Neat cards bearing diagrams of the latest fashions were shown at either side of the cup.

A football lay between the cup and the plate glass. Down each side of the window had been hung long curtains of the club's colours. In the background football togs were exhibited. It was the fact of the colours being shown each side of the window that attracted the attention of the public to the window as a whole. Had it not been that the connection between the cup and the shop was thus emphasised the people would have looked at the cup only, and have neglected the tradesman's wares altogether.

In smaller towns it would pay certain shopkeepers very well to present a cup to junior football clubs, but it must always be remembered that such a method of advertising is entirely useless unless the tradesman can supply something required by the players or their friends.

FISH AND POTATOES.

The dainty may hold their noses as they pass the fried fish shop, but this line as a means of making money is not to be lightly despised.

For a penny a customer receives three or four ounces of fish. A stone at that rate is disposed of for 5s. or 6s. As the coarse fish purveyed in these shops is bought for about 2s. 6d. a stone the profit is about a hundred per cent., even after we allow the cost of cooking and accessories.

A penny portion of chip potatoes consists of one potato put through the chip machine. A peck of potatoes consists of about forty potatoes, and costs about 8d., so that the profit here is about four hundred per cent.

On a Saturday night in a populous district the takings will be as much as £10, so that the fried fish merchant makes more on that one night than many a man does working hard throughout the week. One Jewish firm has established a fish shop in a fashionable square of London, but these institutions pay for the poorer quarters. They are to be found in most provincial cities, but there is still plenty of room for an increase in their numbers.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED.

Practically all our professions and many of our trades are bound down by rules as to apprenticeship and training, and it is practically impossible for a man to enter one of them in after life. I give here, however, some instances where a man who has failed in one line of business can make a further start without previous training.

If he is glib of tongue he may become an auctioneer by taking out a licence costing £10. The auctioneers have societies of their own, but there is no need whatsoever to join one of them, and so long as you have your licence, no one can interfere with you. Many of our cleverest auctioneers are men who have failed in other lines of business, and who have taken up auctioneering without any previous experience except a knowledge of human nature and the gift of the gab.

If you know something about business routine, and especially book-keeping, you may start as an accountant. You must not of course call yourself a chartered accountant unless you have passed the examination of the society of accountants, but you can do all the business of an accountant, and even audit company reports, many of the co-operative reports being audited by men who have no qualification whatever.

A lucrative part of this business is the collection of debts for small tradesmen. Business in this direction is never difficult to obtain, and the reward is a matter of energy on the part of the so-called accountant, for he is generally paid by commission.

I am busiest when I am idle.—Artemus Ward.

There are not a few people who declare that man only lives the full life when he is engrossed in some occupation that demands the concentration of all his powers.

[illegible] that only in laborious study and industrious application can happiness be found. Man, I argue, left to himself with nothing that he must get done, becomes a miserable wretch, rather to be pitied than envied, and one upon whom the precious hours hang heavily.

I hate that word "precious," used to denote the hours one has to spend in toil, for, without shame, I here confess I am not one of those to whom the work that must be done has brought with it a crown of happiness.

I dislike work in every shape and form, and look upon it as a burdensome annoyance rather than as a welcome heritage from some obscure and unfortunate ancestors who happened not only to do something wrong, but to do it so clumsily as to be found out.

THE CURSE OF LABOUR.

Work was ever a curse, from the time poor old Adam had to turn up his sleeves, or his leave[illegible] and dig the ground, down to the present moment, and I have very little doubt that it will remain a curse until the world is so painfully clean and spick and span and good that no further work will be necessary.

And then, alas! there will be no joy in shirking it, or in putting it off till to-morrow or next year.

[illegible] idleness, such as the nigger enjoys so thoroughly, sunning himself as he sits on his haunches outside the kraal, is much more attractive. The nigger has not yet had the art, the delicious, invaluable, delightful, but difficult art, of pottering, educated out of him. He knows [illegible] is to bask and laze in the sun [illegible]ret and fume and make much ado [illegible] nothing. I envy him his oppor-

[illegible] are still fairly numerous, and [illegible]ge in the art are vigorous and [illegible] of the mania for profitable occupa-

[illegible]OCCUPATION MANIACS."

[illegible]pation is a drug and nothing else. It [illegible] an into a maudlin belief that idleness [illegible] unhappiness instead of what it really is—a condition in which life shows its rosiest side. Those hopelessly moral folk, who talk and preach of the dignity and delight of labour, produce unhappiness. They are at such pains to bolster up their theories about [illegible] blessings that methinks they must have [illegible] doubts about their truth and try to drown them by much shouting, like the country fellow who whistles as he walks along the lanes at night and tries to assure himself that the dark trees are not monsters waiting for his [illegible] they must be jealous of the few [illegible] the gift for happy idling.

In any case I know they are not "captains of their souls." They cannot find within them that source of infinite and constant contentment that is the true idler's outfit. Nor can they [illegible] in the passing show around them anything [illegible] beyond the obvious conventions of existence.

[illegible] like Poor Bell, to whom the primrose was merely a yellow primrose and "nothing more." Their eyes are half closed and their minds are dormant. They need a music-hall at hand to keep them from brooding upon the work and wickedness of this world.

The man who declares that he likes work is a hypocrite; or else he only likes it as a drug to dull his appreciation of his own lack of the capacity to see the romance and humour and delight in all around him.

I had an employer once who always said he loved to be at work.

He was a slave driver of the vilest and most depressing order. A more despicable money-grubber I never met. God preserve me from another like him!

The true and honest idler is a man of infinite resource. His sympathies are all embracing and he cannot often be caught suffering from boredom.

THE PLEASURES OF IDLENESS.

The longer the time he has upon his hands the deeper is his enjoyment. He is found making the best of life in every imaginable rank and circumstance.

The secret of his happiness is his power to treat the whole world as a show.

To and fro he moves, and he sees the game of life being played with sweat and anxious fuss by others. He makes the world his never-ceasing entertainment. It is a theatre whose doors are never closed, whose curtain never falls, and he sees right through the deeds of men.

In town or country, in the Strand, or wandering at will through woods and fields, he takes his fill of pleasure with an easy grace. Whatever comes his way is made to yield him some amusement.

Dump him down on any spot of earth and he will be contented with his fate and find innumerable interests without seeking to create them. He seldom hankers for what is unattainable, knowing the futility of crying for the moon.

THE POTTERER AT WORK.

He believes in thoroughness, and when he works he works because he has to—hard and conscientiously, but always with the spirit of the rebel from convention.

The less he has to do the more he finds to interest him. Idleness and lack of definite occupation are to him what capital is to the merchant. It comes to him as balance in hand upon which he can speculate. And his investments never lose their worth.

He only needs leisure to be infinitely well off. He is a potterer who can fill his own long hours with a variety of interests and a sweet contentment far beyond the reach of those who must allot each hour to this or that pursuit.

The potterer knows no time-table, and when out upon his pleasure he leaves his watch at home.

L. Macey.

ONE'S OUTLOOK.

I once knew a man who had a pot of paint fall on him as he was passing underneath a ladder. He was highly delighted. "Dirt means luck," he said. "I am going to make money to-day."

I knew another, who having been accepted by his best girl—she told me about it afterwards—sighed and looked glum.

"I wish you hadn't accepted me," he said, "I feel that it is unlucky to win anything at the first try."

Between these two extremes we have a whole collection of people looking at the world through rose-coloured or black spectacles. One could say a whole lot in the way of sermonising, but the thought once having been suggested you can add the rest yourself, and I think you will come to the conclusion that the brighter outlook is probably the more logical and certainly the more likely to give happiness.

TENNIS TIPS.

HOW TO EXCEL AT THE SUMMER EVENING GAME

A good service is essential, if you are ever to become a first-class player, and the foundation of a good service is accuracy.

Many young players sacrifice everything to acquiring a tremendously fast but erratic service, which "comes off" perhaps once in five times. This is no good. A moderate server who never makes a fault will win every time against a more brilliant but uncertain opponent.

Try always to serve over the net, even if you go out of bounds. It is much easier to reduce elevation than to increase it, and the habit of serving into the net is easily acquired but hard to get rid of.

In serving, the weight of the body is first on the right foot, but is shifted to the left as the racquet descends, and you should "follow through" with racquet and body.

Try and place the ball so that your opponent must take it backhand. A fast ball straight at him, however, is often effective.

Just as the half-ball stroke is the foundation of billiards, so is the forehand stroke the rock on which good tennis is built.

The proper position for delivering it is with your left side to the net (assuming you to be right-handed) and more or less in the direction you intend to hit the ball, left foot advanced, right foot about eighteen inches behind it, while you should swing well back and take the ball low down when it is two to two and a half feet to the right of your left foot. As you strike the ball, you should shift your weight from the right leg to the left.

Just as you will keep trying to make your adversary play backhand, so naturally he will keep on pegging away at what is as a rule every player's weakest spot.

Many players make or rather attempt to make the backhand stroke with the left foot advanced. This is absolutely wrong. The right foot should be in front, and you have only to try the two methods to perceive the superiority of the latter.

With left foot advanced you are in a strained position, ill-balanced on your feet, and the left side of your body interferes with the swing back of the racquet, of which, moreover, you have a feeble grip, owing to your constricted position. You cannot get any power into the backhand stroke playing it with left foot in front.

But advance the right foot, and how different is the case! You have absolute freedom of movement, you are well balanced on your feet, and you can swing the racquet back and bring it forward with a clean, powerful sweep, knuckles in front, and forearm and racquet handle in a line, which gives the maximum of power with the minimum of strain.

The lob is an important stroke, but requires no description. Remember, however, to lob high, especially when in difficulties, as the higher the ball, the more difficult is it for your opponent to smash it, while you get time to recover from an awkward position.

There are few things more delightful in tennis than getting in a real good overhead volley or "smash."

Your opponent has been "diddling" you with tricky placing, and you are getting a trifle irritated, but at last he makes a weak return, high over the net, but short of length, and you are ready for it.

Back go head, body and racquet, down the right shoulder, throwing all the weight on the right foot, the left arm extended so as to keep your balance, and then as you strike the whole weight of your body is shifted on to the left foot, and the ball flies from the racquet as if from a cannon.

The half-volley is a beautiful stroke, and well-executed always provokes applause. The secret is to smother the bound of the ball by inclining the racquet forward so that its head and the ground form an acute angle in which the ball is caught and rebounds swift and low, but high enough to clear the net.

J. R. Pierce.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

THE RAW MATERIAL.

A correspondent makes a suggestion which may be interesting to some of my readers.

"In your page," he says, "it always seems to me that you deal with the finished, or at least, with the half-finished article. You seem to suppose that every man is interested in physical culture and you start there, just showing him how to improve his physique; but there are many others with whom you must go a step farther, and I am one. I am an absolute weed, a physical wreck, and I badly want to be pulled together and made a man of. I read your notes and study your exercises, but I do not feel tempted to take them up; it seems too much trouble. What I want is something rousing, to buck me up and to make me feel that I must be a slacker no longer."

I do not suppose that there are many of my readers quite like this; this one appears to me to be suffering from a lack of will power. He knows what he wants, but he has not the energy to make an effort to attain it.

At the same time there may be some who read these notes and who also feel that physical culture is a duty, but an unpleasant one. They want the development, but they don't want the work.

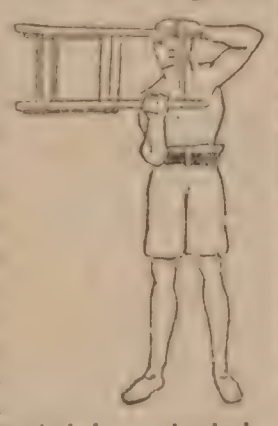
To them and to all whom it may concern, I would say that in physical culture, in the mere routine work, there is a keen relish. You are not feeling over-fit in the morning, or at the end of the day, but you force yourself to go through your exercises, and before you are half done with them you are feeling twice the man you felt before.

Exercises develop your muscles, but they do more than that, and they do it very quickly. They give you a feeling of general well-being, and they give it you at once.

If there be any one who reads this and who hesitates to take up physical culture, I would only say to him that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof." Let him devote two minutes to practising one of my exercises; if he does not feel refreshed and eager to proceed, I am quite willing that he shall neglect physical culture altogether.

FOR THE SIDE MUSCLES.

Take an ordinary chair, a fairly heavy one for preference, though care must be taken that it is not heavy enough to strain you, and grasp it firmly by the sides of the back, as shown in the illustration.



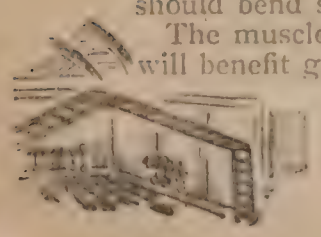
A chair as a developi machine.

Then turn it upside down so that the seat is above the head.

Move it slowly into the position depicted in the sketch, pause there a second, and move it back through a complete semi-circle to a corresponding position the other side, and continue the process about a dozen times without putting the chair down.

As the chair inclines to one side, the body should bend slightly towards that side.

The muscles of the side, shoulder and biceps will benefit greatly by this exercise.



THE MORNING GLASS.

No doubt you often feel when you get up in the morning that you want something to buck you up and start you off on the business of the day.

I need hardly say that to take any form of stimulant at such an early hour is fatal to the health.

A glass of cold water is all that is required. Not only has it a refreshing effect in dispelling the sleepiness which is inevitable on first rising, but it is invaluable for keeping the inside in good working order.

This is much better than taking hot coffee, tea or cocoa, immediately on leaving your bed.

These should be left until after your morning exercise, or at least until after you have dressed.

A LUNG-DEVELOPER.

Stand upright with the heels together and the body drawn up to its full height.

Clench the fists tightly and bend both arms at the elbows, which, however, should not be raised until the fists touch the shoulders.

Draw a deep breath, so as to expand the abdomen, and then by contracting it, transfer the air to the chest, so that it is fully extended.

Beating the air—but not in vain.

Then, still holding the breath, strike sharply up with one fist into the air, as shown in the sketch. Put all the vigour you possess into this movement if you want to get the full benefit of the exercise.

Release the breath and return the hand to the shoulder, and repeat the process with the other arm.

The exercise is especially beneficial to the lungs, and also for the development of the muscles below the arm-pits.

It is most important in the case of all breathing exercises such as this, that they should be done in pure air. If possible it is best to practise them out of doors, but failing that, see that the windows of your room are wide open and beware of working in a vitiated atmosphere, for as you have to fill your lungs with it, the value of the exercise will be counteracted by the poison in the air.

HEALTH AND CLOTHES.

Clothes are things of some importance to the physical culturist. The man who cares for his body will naturally take more thought than others as to what he covers it with.

I suppose I should apologise to Captain Saunders for dealing with the subject of clothes on this page, but it is only their texture with which I am concerned, the mysteries of fashion and "cut" I leave to him.

When in training for the Boat Race the 'Varsity crews wear only flannel clothing, and there is no doubt that this is the ideal material for giving the body the freedom and air that it requires. Moreover, a flannel suit may give just as much warmth, even in spring and winter as a suit of very much heavier material, and great weight should always put a suit out of the question from the culturist's point of view.

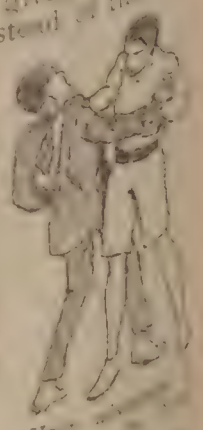
Next the skin he should wear some material which is more or less porous, like the skin itself, for he wants something that will absorb sweat, instead of keeping the skin in a clammy condition. Here again flannel will be found the best stuff to wear.

JU-JITSU.

2nd LESSON.

This trick is a useful one for the novice to practise until he is expert at it. It is not much of an exhibition trick, but is a reliable method of dealing with an adversary who attacks you from in front.

It differs from the exercise given last week in that the right leg is used instead of the left; the opponent's arm must be held straight across the body, and the right hand grips the back of his coat instead of his elbow.



You absolutely power.

Take a simple grip of your adversary's right wrist with your left hand. Seize the right side of his jacket and vest with your right hand, which may pass either over or under his arm, according to your respective heights.

Slip your right leg behind his, and keeping it firm, swing him quickly towards your left side till he on his back.

If you merely push him backwards he right himself by stepping backwards. point of pulling him with both arms your left is that your advanced leg prevents doing so. Also his left arm will be swung backwards and away from you, so that he not get in a blow with his disengaged hand.

WANTED—ALL-ROUND ATHLETES

In the Olympic games—the original ... not our modern revivals which are ... adapted to modern conditions—there was event known as the Pentathlon, which ... five different contests—running, jumping, wrestling, throwing the discus, and casting the javelin.

The winner of the Pentathlon was the hero of Greece for the next four years.

The result of such a contest was to produce all-round athletes whose equals scarcely exist in England to-day.

Every man now specialises in some ... of sport, if he desires to make his ... the result is often a specialised development which is not what the culturist should ... It is not true physical culture to develop one ... of the body at the expense of the other.

What we want is the introduction into the usual sports programme of a Pentathlon, or a contest in an even greater number of branches of athletics; and the winner of such an event being the best all-round athlete would be honoured above the mere specialists who perhaps each beat him in their own particular line.

Dutch
I WANT to give ... readers the advant... laid in a big stock of ... PRIDE" Cigars before the ... added to the duty. They ... genuine imported smokes ... from a fine quality of leaf—mild yet full of flavour and ... bouquet. You can have a sam... box of
50 for 7/6
if you send a P.O.O. ... mention "The Modern Man"
Agent for Great Brit... 51 Richm... Dalston, Lon...
H. CHARLES
Cigars

Richard Selby: Englishman

by ADAM STEIN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XII. AT BAY.

Gem's invitation to supper was always forthcoming whenever Richard called in at "The Hare and Hounds" of an evening, and on Sunday afternoon inclined for a walk. Richard accepted it.

The meal over, and Mrs. having bustled off to attend to the business, Mark, as was his wont, sat himself upright in a hard chair, knees apart, a cigar jutting from his mouth, the friendly gleam in his eyes belying the sternness of his face, and bombarded Richard with questions.

"And 'ow's things?" he led off. "Any more look-outs? 'Struth! from what I 'eard after yer stood up an' told the blighted district that Dick Selby was up agen 'em anyone 'ould ha' thought your end was comin'. For weeks they did nothin' but talk o' your machine an' swear blind they'd see yer rot afore they took to usin' it."

Richard was outstretched in a saddlebag chair puffing at his pipe, and his reply came after a retrospective interval.

"They ed," he said laconically, "but they nd in the end, every man-jack of 'em."

"Except Derwood."

Mark stared.

"Mean to say 'e's come round?"

"After prolonged but exceedingly polite negotiations," Richard smiled.

"An' Mark frowned unconvinced.

"royalty wanted from 'im double the man payin'? 'Struth! 'ow d'ye rent was going up if he didn't de- iz altogether, so——"

e caved in. That's Derwood all over. ye've got some cheek makin' an enemy of as you do. 'E's worth fifty thousand quid, That's the sort o' strength as gets ost times, an' don't you forget

agreed Richard readily; "capital's ust be makin' a tidy bit yerself,"

Mark.

want a darn sight exclaimed Mark, who was all ex- of surprise to-night. "Where the devil yer goin' to stop?"

He studied this young friend of his interestedly. In the past few months a change had taken place in Richard Selby. His face had lost of its youthfulness, and yet he gave no ion of immaturity.

is a development rather than a change. quiet, purposeful. To be with him was receive invisible shocks of his condensed force. He was like energy in harness, guided and driven by realised purpose.

In Moulden or elsewhere there was no man who knew what that purpose was. Probably there was one woman, but if so it had been left to her to guess it.

So when Mark gave vent to inquisitiveness as to his ambition, Richard's reply was known "Ah!" which might have

must be pocketin' nigh on pursued Mark, "an' that

"They'll tell you anything," observed Richard, "if you're tomfool enough to believe it."

Mark refused to be put off.

"I guess yer'll be startin' on yer own soon—eh?" he said with another of his unpicturesque smiles.

Richard watched him, amusement in his eyes, and Mark put a finger to his twisted mouth implying absolute secrecy.

"In six months," said Richard slowly, "the machines they're paying me royalty on will be obsolete."

"And then?" said Mark excitedly.

"Then"—Richard smiled—"then they'll be welcome to them."

Mark's fist met palm delightedly.

"An' wi' the money ye've made out on 'em yer'll start yerself?"

"Something like that," admitted Richard.

They were silent for a time, each busy with his thoughts. Mark broke it, his soliloquy having sobered his tone.

"What about Guest?" he asked.

Richard stood up and stretched.

"Guest?" he answered. "Guest will be the one man who'll have the chance of hiring the new machine."

"That's good!" said Mark. "I knew as you'd treat him fair. But," he added warningly, "ye'll ha' to keep yer eyes peeled against t'others. Ye've put the cat among the pigeons already and——"

"Coming?" interrupted Richard. "I'm just having one downstairs, then I'm off."

II.

In course of time the advertisement hoarding fronting one of the patches of waste ground in a certain street of Moulden was removed, and in its place scaffolding was erected.

The circumstance excited but the passive curiosity of passers-by, until one day, almost as if by magic, there stood revealed a low oblong building, its clean red bricks in flaring contrast to the ramshackle sheds of which the neighbouring drain-making works were mainly composed.

Driving by, Derwood noticed it with surprise and brought his horse to a halt.

He was a man who suspected in everything new a threat to his prosperity. There was nothing to be learned from the names of the builder and the architect painted on a board nailed to the scaffolding that still remained, for both hailed from Birmingham.

Derwood descended from his gig and made his way inside. The place was incomplete and there were no signs of machinery or forges, but the general arrangement convinced him that it was intended for chain production.

With a view to gaining some information, he sought out the foreman and engaged him in conversation. Before he had reached the leading question as to the ownership of the property, a voice from behind arrested him.

"Good afternoon," said Richard Selby pleasantly. "Perhaps I can tell you all you want to know."

Derwood wheeled with a smothered exclamation.

With Selby was Hezekiah Guest, smiling grimly at his discomfiture.

"E-r, good afternoon," Derwood returned, and then pointedly addressed himself to Guest.

"An enterprise of yours?" he asked.

"Nothin' to do wi' me," Guest said, after looking at Richard. Derwood followed the glance swiftly.

"It's my place," said Richard, knowing that Guest had unwittingly given the fact away.

Derwood's attempt to conceal his astonishment was a failure.

"I—I congratulate you," he stammered, his face livid.

"Thanks," said Richard, with a galling absence of sarcasm.

"You're going to exploit your machine yourself, then?" said Derwood, struggling to appear normal.

"That's it," agreed Richard.

Derwood couldn't keep a sneer from his laugh as he said: "You've soon got tired of letting the trade have the benefit of your invention."

"Not at all," said Richard easily. "The present arrangement stands."

"Then you won't call in your machines?" asked Derwood eagerly.

"Quite right," said Richard, and for some reason Guest laughed.

"Well, I'm sure I wish you every success," he said, relieved, and he went off, persuaded by Guest's laugh that he was backing Richard in his new venture.

The profits in the chain trade at the time were cut so fine that the fact of another competitor caused him little perturbation. Nevertheless, his instinctive leaning towards intrigue caused him to set a watch on what was taking place.

A few weeks later a couple of railway wagons halted outside the new premises, and from them a number of men commenced to unload some machinery.

A man who had been helping to uphold the wall of a public-house some distance up the street strolled along and looked on inquisitively.

Stooping, he examined the manufacturer's name-plate on the machinery; then he loafed away.

A little time afterwards Derwood and his partner Thorn passed along the street, as if by chance, and also paused to watch what was in progress.

After an apparently casual inspection, Derwood turned a startled face towards Thorn.

"Gad!" he exclaimed softly.

"What's up?" asked Thorn quickly.

Derwood glanced through the gates of the works into the inner yard and then walked away.

"Come on," he said. "Can't you see Selby there superintending things?"

The veins on his temples were prominent, and some emotion had made his face damp.

"What the devil's the matter?" demanded Thorn, hurrying beside him.

"Matter!" echoed Derwood hoarsely. "Nothing's the matter that you brainless pigs will understand. These machines are an improvement on the ones he's leased to us; that's all."

"An improvement!" said Thorn stupidly. "In what way?"

"Damnation! don't talk to me!" raged Derwood. "I wish I'd never seen your cursed business. But by heaven!" he added a bit later, "it's not only me he'll have for enemy now, nor the owners—but *the men*!"

"How!" asked Thorn eagerly.

"Because"—Derwood spoke with impressive slowness—"because a machine that will do the work of ten means nine men out of work."

"Nonsense!" said Thorn. "That theory as machinery puts men out of employment 'as been exploded long ago. Cheaper production means more trade an'——"

"I know, I know," said Derwood testily. "But how are the men to understand that if you tell them otherwise?"

Their eyes met, and in the understanding of mutual devilment both smiled.

III.

Mark Gem ran along the dark street, his age-stiff sinews giving him evil pain. Reaching the Selbys' house, he banged on the door with all his might.

Selby senior answered it, and behind him with a scared face was Richard's younger brother.

"Where's Dick?" said Mark breathlessly. "Quick! Is he in?"

"Eh? What's wrong?" asked old Selby without any apparent haste.

"I want 'im," jerked Mark. "'Ere, Jim! Out with it, lad! Where is 'e?"

"Down at the works, tryin' his new machine."

"'Struth, there? Then ye must be slicker than lightnin'. Cut along to the station an' bring along as many men as ye can get. To Dick's works, d'ye 'ear? There's a crowd gone there to wreck the show. *Quick*. That's it!"

"Now, Selby," he went on rapidly, as the boy sped off, "never mind yer 'at. An' don't gas, for Gawd's sake. I'll tell yer as we goo along."

Panting, the two veterans hastened along towards Richard's new works.

"I over'eard it in the bar," said Mark between gasps. "Not ten minutes ago. They're full o' beer an' they swear they'll make scrap-iron o' them machines afore mornin' 'Struth!"—even now he could chuckle—"fancy Dick bein' there to receive 'em! What a lovely surprise!"

The works gates were open, but a queer, unexpected silence reigned over the place.

"This way," said Selby senior, dashing towards the machine shop.

At the door both halted in amazement at the scene. The great forge of the machine was alive and glowing, and a yard of two away from it, their blackened faces and clothes reflecting the glare, a number of men were bunched together looking like the denizens of an inferno.

And beside the forge was Richard, his face and bare throat and arms lit redly, calmly waiting.

The fire was roaring, the automatic bellows making a sound like deep breathing, but above this arose the groans of a man.

Richard's father and Mark were unseen. Fingers dug into old Selby's forearm, and a voice whispered exultantly: "Wait!"

"Who's next?" came Richard's voice, cool and strong.

With a pair of pincers held in his right hand he brought out from the fire a bar of white-hot, shimmering iron, and, holding it out, he twisted it invitingly.

The group of men muttered and growled.

"Come all together if you like," Richard went on, "but as sure as hell's a mantrap one of you will have to eat this."

Nobody moved.

The iron dulled, and he thrust it into the coke again.

"A bright lot, indeed!" said Richard tauntingly. "You came tumbling in brave enough; but I suppose you expected to enjoy this little concert on your own. Armed with hammers, too! Why don't you let fly? I'll tell you. Because you wish yourselves at home. By the Lord, the blind fools you are! D'you think to stop me like this? Not if you did it a dozen times. And you're attacking a man who's working to turn *you* into *men*, who means to pay you, house you—yes, and wash you if you won't do it yourselves."

Suddenly the injured man, half-maddened perhaps by his pain, rushed at Richard yelling.

Richard's fist crashed into his face mercilessly and he went down.

"Next," said Richard grimly, his face indomitable.

A few of the men who had advanced, wavered as Mark's voice was upraised in applause.

"That's a beauty!"

Mark came forward jauntily.

"See 'ere," he said in the tone of a man who gives friendly advice, "a crowd o' coppers'll be 'ere in a minit. Unless ye're in love wi' trouble ye'll quit."

He stood within striking distance of the men, smiling.

Not a hand was raised against him. Memory was fresh of how this retired champion of the ring had broken the jaw of an obstreperous customer one night as neatly as he drew a cork from a bottle.

They were beaten, and they knew it.

Richard was already on one knee inspecting the hurt of the unconscious man.

He looked up as they were going sullenly away.

"I want men for when I start next week," he called. "Any of you that want a job can call round and see me here on Monday."

They stopped and looked in wonderment. Then they filed out, talking loudly to one another.

"A bloomin' genius ye are," observed Mark, gazing after them. "The right word at the right time, an' ye stop all chance of 'em tryin' this game agen."

Richard thrust out his hand and gave Mark's a quick squeeze.

"Lord knows what would have happened if you hadn't come——"

Mark was suddenly irreverent.

"Righto," said Richard. "Now let's take this poor devil to the chemist and get him to rights gain."

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.—Ed.*]

JUST TALK.

If you listen to the average conversation, you will observe that it consists chiefly of one party recounting his wonderful exploits to the other—as a general rule greatly to the other's boredom.

It is only natural that one should talk in this way, for there is an adherent tendency in the human mind to stand well in one's own estimation; and by recounting adventures, smart deals and so forth—and getting them believed—one may attain this to some extent. That explains the general tendency of what might be called brag, but it is too natural a thing to deserve that harsh term.

At the same time it is worth while remembering that if you wish to shine as a conversationalist, you should endeavour occasionally at least to talk on matters altogether outside your own doings.

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

For Brain and Nerves.

IT is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must feed the brain and nerves, and replace the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

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The human body does not need the ordinary every-day tonics and stimulants—the whips—of the medical world in these circumstances. They have their spheres of usefulness in other directions, but where the nerves are at fault the actual nutrient restorative natural to the system is what is required, viz., Phosphorus. But Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus. Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be fed by the one element they alone are in need of, and so kept definitely in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

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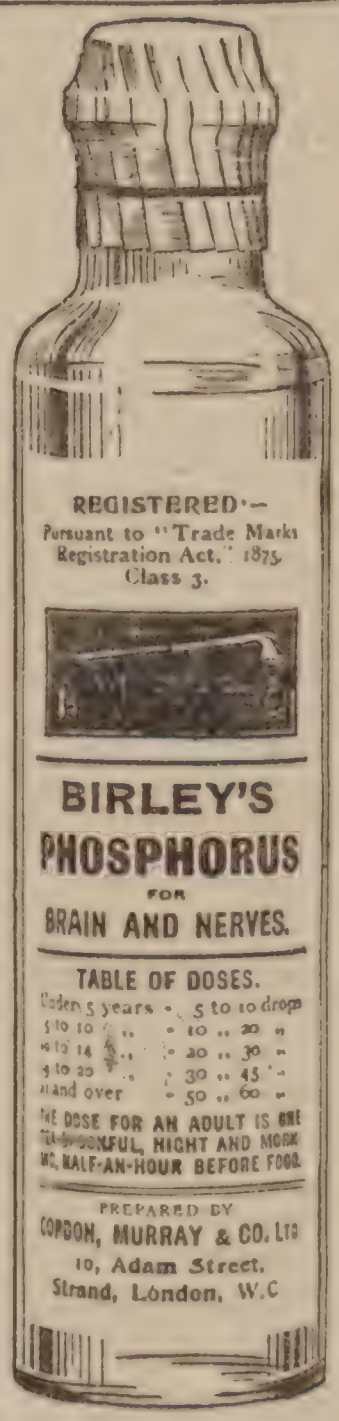
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A CANINE CONVERSATION

"His faithful dog shall bear him company."—POPE.

Mr. Charteris: Togo! Come here, and lend me yours ears. Your right one will do. Togo, I this morning re- a letter from a gentleman. I shall your with the contents, but the effect that the day before you did felonious- bite, worry, otherwise seriously Sir Lancelot, a dog, the of Miss Pris- Tompkyns, it is demanded, that I shall take steps shot, poisoned, or otherwise re- ailing which Messrs. Lincoln and are instructed by the aforesaid Miss Pris- de Tompkyns to proceed against me by for allowing a dangerous animal to

Messrs. Lincoln and Fields are in- to demand from me the sum of £10 for hair and moral and intellectual damage aforesaid brown retriever dog Sir Lance- to be paid to the Society for the Prevention Cruelty to Animals—together with three as. of doctor attending the aforesaid cilla de Tompkyns, suffering from ner- prostration, consequent upon the lament- condition of the aforesaid Sir Lancelot, as, cost of writing me this you understand, Togo.

Wuff!

Charteris: You might be more penitent. ere, Togo, this has got to stop! This first time there have been complaints your pugnacity, and I'm getting tired of D'ye hear?

Togo: Wuff, wuff!

Mr. Charteris: Well, now, in regard to this particular case, what have you got to say about it?

Togo: He began it.

Mr. Charteris: Oh, indeed, and how?

Togo: Called me a something and I ought to be deported under Aliens Act.

Charteris: Togo, you're a fool. Instead insulted, you should have felt compli- Your Jewish cast of countenance is your greatest beauties. I wouldn't give for a bull terrier that didn't look like a ppointed in you. Did I not as a puppy that a gentleman takes no of vulgar abuse?

Togo: Yes. When he insulted me, I merely the observations of an animated doormat were of no interest to on.

Charteris: H'm. And then what hap- t me treacherously from be-

Charteris: Togo, Togo, to allow yourself like that! I'm very much dis- you. Did you ever catch a bull terrier I was round like a flash, and had him ck before he could say Great Spratt. rolled over and over, for he's fifteen heavier than I, and I couldn't keep my couldn't make me let go—even or a red-hot iron couldn't make you know, and he couldn't get a good bite at me, because I had his neck. Still his disgusting wool was in the way and tickling my throat and nose, and so, watching my opportunity, I let go, sprang away, and then in a flash I had him by the cheek, and it was all up with him.

Mr. Charteris: That will do, Togo; that will do. I don't want to hear the disgusting details of the combat. Er, by the way, was there anybody looking on?

Togo: Oh, yes. Seven errand boys, three cabmen, four telegraph boys, several odd men, and a policeman, who wanted to arrest me when it was over, as he had had a bob on Sir Lancelot. I believe it was he who told Miss de Tompkyns, as I saw him taking the doormat thing home.

Mr. Charteris: Disgraceful, perfectly disgraceful, encouraging dogs to fight like that. They ought to be ashamed of themselves. That reminds me. I hope you are ashamed of yourself, Togo.

Togo (surprised): No, master. Wouldn't you bite back if anyone bit you?

Mr. Charteris: Er—um—that has nothing to do with it. I told you not to fight in the streets, and you have got to be punished for disobeying orders. No bones for dinner. Er—Togo—(as Togo walks away tail down)—I shouldn't be surprised if there were some liver in the larder—but mind you, no bones. (Tears up the lawyer's letter.) Oh, why wasn't I there to see it?

B. FISHER.

WAYS AND MEANS.

II. OF LEARNING A LANGUAGE.

It is becoming daily more necessary, both for success in business, in social life, and for one's own enjoyment, to have some knowledge of foreign languages, more especially of French and German, which will nowadays be sufficient to secure your comfort—and incidentally to save you not a little money—almost anywhere on the Continent.

Do not waste time by beginning on the grammar. You did not begin your acquaintance with the English language by studying the grammar thereof; you picked it up word by word, and then began to co-ordinate sentences, often with very poor results, and finally you were taught the rules of grammar and the reason for various forms of speech that you knew instinctively to be right.

It is best to adopt the same method in tackling a foreign tongue. The best way to learn it is by hearing it spoken and by talking it yourself.

But it is not everyone who has the opportunity of spending his holidays in France or Germany. If you have, the ideal way of learning their languages is open to you.

The expense of a holiday in the north of France, especially if it extends over a month or so, is often no greater than that of one spent in an English holiday resort, for if a small country village or town be chosen, the reduction in the cost of living will more than cover the difference in the fare. And the would-be linguist will naturally choose an out-of-the-way spot, for if he can find a place where no English is spoken he will have every incentive to learn.

But without going abroad one can find foreigners who are only too glad to converse with you and coach you in their own language in return for a little help with English. You may find a family with whom you can dig, or you may get a young Frenchman or German of your own age who will come in for a chat, sometimes in English for his benefit, sometimes in his own language for yours, and often an arrangement of this sort has been the foundation of the most interesting friendship, for he will have much to tell you about his own country and the difference in the foreigner's outlook on life will be most refreshing.

If you live in London you will have no difficulty in finding a quarter where the language you want is regularly spoken.

Having gained a vocabulary and an elementary knowledge of grammar by this method, you will need to study the latter more closely in a good text-book. Also take every opportunity of reading French, and see that you choose something interesting, so that you will not be content to pass over a word or a phrase you do not grasp, without worrying out its meaning.

But the great thing is to talk; try to overcome the first shyness and go blindly at it. The foreigner is usually too polite to laugh at your mistakes.

JOHN GERVAISE.

THE FASCINATION OF MOTORING.

When you look at it from the sportsman's point of view, it is difficult to see in what lies the fascination of driving a motor-car or riding a motor cycle. In riding a horse a man has constant exercise, and also that mysterious fascination which has been so admirably referred to in THE MODERN MAN as "borrowed energy." In driving the horse he lacks the exercise, but he has the satisfaction of controlling something more strong in the physical sense than he is himself.

In motoring there is none of this. There is no exercise to speak of, and nobody would suggest that you absorb any physical energy from association with petrol.

Perhaps I may make a suggestion, for at one time I declaimed strongly against motoring, but now I am one of its most ardent devotees. I give it as my opinion, born of experience, that the charms of driving a motor-car and riding a motor bike lie in dealing with the traffic. No motorist wants to run anybody down, and he does not even want to take any risks of doing so, but throughout a run there remains that element of danger, necessitating constant care and giving constant satisfaction when each impending difficulty is successfully avoided.

I have not heard any other motorist confess that his joy lies here, but I think, nevertheless, that it explains why most people who can afford to do so go in for motoring.

There is also the rush through the wind, which has a charm all its own.

If you come to a hill when cycling you like to coast down it at speed, and the pleasure you then feel for a very brief spell is the motorist's all the time.

Motoring, also, by its very speed, sets your mind to work and banishes worry. The man who can get out of a motor-car after a fast run and still feel gloomy I have yet to meet.

Possibly motoring is not sport—nobody could call it exercise—but it raises your spirits wonderfully.

REX FLEMING.

A REAL LEVER SIMULATION

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FREE. In the centre of the diagram you see a fig. 5. Arrange the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, and 9 in the remaining squares so that the columns add 15 up and down, across, and from corner to corner. If correct, and you comply with the simple condition we shall send you, A HANDSOME WATCH (guaranteed 10 years) will be sent you ENTIRELY FREE OF COST. Send your answer NOW, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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CANOEING

AN UNRIVALLED SPORT FOR THE LONG EVENINGS.

A canoe is one of the handiest little craft built, both for taking one's pastime upon the waters and for getting about from place to place.

You can take it anywhere, for it draws only a few inches of water, and measures well under a yard across. It has also the advantage, if one of the party happens to be a lady, that while two is company, three is not only none, but a most unpleasant crowd, and the third person may soon be driven by extreme discomfort to beat a retreat.

I am speaking, of course, of the Canadian canoe. The "Rob Roy" type, which is still to be seen on English rivers, is only made to carry one, or at most two.

THE "ROB ROY."

This kind of canoe is covered with wood or canvas at bow and stern, both being sharply pointed, and the "crew" sits in the middle in a sort of well, like the conning turret of a submarine. The paddle is a double one with a blade at each end of a handle long enough to reach across the boat, so that she can be kept on a fairly straight course by alternate strokes on either side. The legs should be stretched flat on the bottom, the stretcher being fixed just short enough for you to be able to feel it and so to maintain your balance.

On each side, between the hands and the blade of the paddle, there should be rubber rings, to prevent the water running down to your hands.

The "Rob Roy" canoe is preferable if speed is a consideration, for in a double, or even a single, "Rob Roy" you can get up a pace that will surprise you, since there is no backing water to be done in order to keep a straight course, as when a single paddle is used. But you can only sit in one position, which, comfortable as it is at first, soon becomes cramping, and the canoe is as difficult to empty of water as it is easily upset.

LEARN TO SWIM FIRST.

Let me here warn the would-be canoeist that he must always be prepared for a ducking, and that to enter a canoe without being able to swim is a brand of idiocy which is none the less idiotic because it is popular and costs several lives each year.

Being prepared for the worst, you will find that it arrives extremely seldom, and, with ordinary care, you should never capsize.

As the trouble most often occurs when getting into or out of the canoe, it is worth while remembering this tip, which holds good for every form of river craft that is liable to upset. When stepping into or out of the canoe, do not hold on to one side of it with one hand and to the landing-stage with the other. Catch hold of both sides of the canoe until you are seated, and you can come to no harm.

The only other form of canoe which one sees in England is the "Canader," and this is by far the more popular. It resembles the birch-bark canoe of the American Indians and turns up at each end. It has two or three stays across from side to side, and these can be utilised as supports for light wooden backs, against which cushions are usually set.

There is a small seat in the stern (both ends are otherwise the same shape) for the paddler, but he is free to sit, or rather to kneel, as the expert always does, whereabouts in the canoe he likes, though he will have no control over the steering if he is further forward than the centre.

WHERE TO SIT IN A "CANADER."

If he is alone in the canoe the best and safest position is just behind the centre, but there is certainly an attraction in remaining in the stern, so that the boat is half out of water; she will then answer to the slightest touch of the paddle and she seems to skim over the surface.

If there are two on board, they may take a paddle apiece, but they will, of course, work on different sides, the rear one being responsible for the steering.

There are very few canoeists in England who know how to paddle properly. To the Canadian it seems to come naturally, and it is one of the most graceful forms of exercise imaginable.

It is the commonest thing to see people keeping the head of a canoe straight by paddling vigorously for a few strokes until they have almost described a semi-circle, and then backing water so hard as to take all the way off her, or by passing the paddle from one side to the other, subjecting their legs to a shower of drippings from the blade.

HOW TO PADDLE.

The correct method is to counteract the motion to one side given by the first part of the stroke, by the second part of the stroke. Thus a properly paddled canoe moves in a zigzag direction, but the difference from the straight course is so slight that very little ground is lost.

One hand grasps the top of the paddle and does not move much, as it merely provides leverage and answers the same purpose as a rowlock on a boat.

The other hand, of which the arm should be kept almost straight, holds the shaft just above the blade and does most of the work.

The first part of the stroke is straight backwards along the side of the canoe, and then the blade is pressed away from the side of the body and still backwards.

There are various ways of righting and climbing into a canoe that has capsized, but you will do best to swim to shore, pushing it in front, and then climb out, haul it up and empty it.

If you try to change places in mid-stream, you will probably need to put this into practice.

H. HALLETT.

THE MAN WHO IS DOWN.

Never hit a man who's down—jump on him. Such appears to be a motto of our criminal judges of to-day.

The cruel wife-beater who ought to be cut into little pieces and burnt, is awarded forty-eight hours imprisonment, while the man whose only fault is that he has been born a sportsman without the necessary funds, and consequently has taken to poaching, is sentenced to three months without the option of a fine, and probably he receives from the game preserving magistrate a long lecture on the enormities of his offence.

"If I could give you three years," said one of these magistrates recently, "I would."

He had got his man down and he was jumping vigorously upon him.

It is a pity that there should be a personal element in the administration of justice. Our laws are exact and severe enough and the sentences allotted to a breach of them are sufficiently punishing. It is intolerable that a magistrate should degrade himself, and indulge his weakness and his vanity by jumping on the unhappy prisoner who is down.

"Laughter in court" is a phrase which we frequently see in police reports. "Hisses and groans" would in many cases be more appropriate.

PUZZLE: FIND JOHN SARUM.

Just as a man loses his family name when he is elevated to the peerage, so our high ecclesiastics drop their own christened designation when they become bishops, and adopt that of their sees. When a tradesman sends a letter unaccompanied by cash, it is usual for him to consult a book of reference to find out the spelling of his patron, and some strange mistakes have thus been made in the case of bishops, whose their names as they write them do not appear such books.

Who, for instance, would guess that the signature John Sarum stands for Dr. John Wordsworth, Bishop of Salisbury? H. E. Winton means the Bishop of Winchester, H. Dunelm is the Bishop of Durham, and so on. Dr. Winnington-Ingram, the Bishop of London, is less disguised under his official signature of A. F. London.

The explanation of the seeming mystery is that the Latin name of the see, or an abbreviation of it, is used instead of the holder's own surname.

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AT THE SHOW

A BREATH OF THE COUNTRY.

Living far away from the distractions of a big town—"buried in the country," as some of my town relations call it in their ignorance of the delights of rural life—the regular events of our calendar bring with them an immense variety of interests and occupations.

Of the minor events the weekly market day in a neighbouring town is the most regular, and perhaps the least exciting, but it is a break.

Then there is the autumn fair, as we call it, which means two days of general frivol and excitement.

But of all these events the agricultural show is the most attractive.

Early every summer we have three days of unalloyed pleasure, for this event brings together men, and women, who are one and all imbued with the dual interests of country life and country work.

The show is held in what is said to be the largest field in our county, and I can well believe that this is so.

Some weeks before the actual opening day half a county is excited over the coming event, and preparations on an elaborate scale are made for the exhibition. Workmen are busy erecting seats and booths, fences, and gates.

Tracks are marked out for the trotting and driving competitions, and hurdles are set up and trenches dug for the jumping contests, for we all pride ourselves on our love of horses. Huge spaces are cleared and pens erected for the prize beasts; the countryside is flooded with attractive notices of the prizes, dates of entry, and so forth, and all is excitement and anticipation.

At last the glorious opening day arrives. The roads are thronged with the jolliest collection of farmers that a country lover could wish to meet.

Immense fat beasts in charge of hardy drovers pour into the field and take up their positions, in an unceasing stream. The smartest of trotting horses, in the smartest of shining gigs and dog-carts, wheel proudly into the ring, driven by the very flower of rural England.

Pigs, poultry, sheep, dogs, pigeons, rabbits, and specimens of every other class of livestock are gathered together in flocks, herds, litters and packs, and the whole field is a scene of the utmost activity and interest.

Down at the far end stand, in all the glory of new paint and shining metal, the agricultural machines for reaping, sowing, binding, threshing, ploughing, and all the other great works of the country; and over all there can be heard the homely puffing and the soft rising and falling hum of a threshing machine whose enterprising owners have set it to work as an advertisement of its merits.

No man seems a stranger. All day long there are friendly greetings and mutual congratulations as farmer meets farmer after a year's interval. All the interests of the seasons are discussed, and when the bell gives warning of the first of the jumping competitions a general move is made towards the centre space where judges and rosetted stewards have already gathered.

Then the fun begins. The finest hunters of the countryside have been entered, and the costly prizes are competed for with the utmost keenness, cheer after cheer ringing out as some favourite fulfils the expectations of its admirers.

The Englishman's delight in horses is never so happily expressed as at the agricultural show. For three days we gather here in force, making most of the opportunities of sport and jollity, and there is not one who does not regret the hour when the gates are closed for the last time, and the field is emptied of its life.

In the evening there is generally some kind of entertainment apart from that organised by the Show Committee. Owners of roundabouts bring their machines to the village, and there is life and mirth and music well into the night.

For those town readers who can take a week-end holiday when they please and where they please, I do not think their selection would possibly fall on a better place than a village or a town where an agricultural show is being held.

They will see country life under different conditions from usual and, although they have all the attraction of change, there is no chance of their feeling the boredom that some visitors are wont to complain of.

T. W. GARDEN.

A DERBY BALLAD.

There's a question which has worried me for days;
At breakfast time there is no peace for me;
They serve it with my simple chop at luncheon,
It lurks amid the muffins during tea.
When I ask them for the butter,
One will pass a knife, and mutter:
"I say, old chap, what's going to win the Derby?"

I've a bosom friend who's very fond of snooker,
On my private table he delights to play;
He selects my special cue, and with an air of
A John Roberts starts to put his pal away.
When one night, this kindly fellow
Tore the cloth and fluked a yellow,
He said: "Good shot! What's going to win the Derby?"

As a Yeoman I record my admiration
For our Sergeant-Major, who's the best of men,
Till he gets you on the Circle, mounted drilling—
Well, his language isn't parliamentary then!
When your nag becomes too hasty,
He will yell in accents tasty:
"D'ye think you're on Bayardo in the Derby?"

My barber is a sort of priceless treasure,
An artist in his own tonsorial way,
But his agitation is, alas, apparent
When I visit him the morn of Derby Day.
As my eye he fills with lather
He says: "Yes, sir, I rather
Hope to get away in time to see the Derby!"

When the evening shades have fallen on the lea,
With Mary I go strolling for awhile.
We wander till the moon is nicely clouded;
Then thankfully we rest upon a stile.
But when I attempt to kiss her
She just murmurs as I miss her:
"I wonder, John, what's going to win the Derby?"

When, finally, the tapes fly up at Epsom,
That question still will rankle in my mind.
Will the favourite bring my quarter's rent home safely,
Or Fate be, just as usual, unkind?
Ah, it gives me indigestion
Does this one Eternal Question—
But, p'raps you know—What's going to win the Derby?

J. M. STACY.

POULTRY HINTS.

DISEASES AND THEIR CURES.

Only in the case of valuable birds should the poultry-fancier attempt to cure diseases; if illness attacks a common fowl it should be killed. Remember that prevention is easy and cure difficult; so keep the fowl-house and the run clean and feed judiciously.

"Going light" is one of the commonest poultry complaints. The bird eats voraciously, but does not put on flesh; it stands with ruffled feathers or moves about with difficulty. Cod-liver oil and pepper should be mixed with the food, and one drop of tincture of iron added to the drinking water.

Feather-eating occurs most frequently with fowls that are kept in a small run. They have nothing to scrape at, and develop this bad habit from pure idleness. Sometimes the vice is the result of vermin on the skin, so you should sprinkle a good insecticide amongst their feathers and about the roosts. Place a barrowful of rough sand and plenty of green food in the run; a piece of green turf is excellent if it can be procured. This will give the fowls something to do, and will generally stop the trouble.

Diarrhœa in fowls is not easy to cure. As soon as it is detected, give the bird a little olive oil, and a couple of hours afterwards a pill consisting of one grain of opium and one grain of tannic acid. It is best to stop green food for a time.

When hard substances such as cheese and crusts of bread are mixed with the food, they often fail to be dissolved in the crop and cause the fowl to be crop-bound. When this is so, a little warm water or oil should be poured down the bird's throat, and the crop carefully massaged. If this treatment fails at first, repeat it.

Bronchitis is not uncommon where the fowls are kept in a damp and draughty place. It will be noticed from the gasping cough to which the bird will become a victim. Place the invalid in a clean dry coop and give it a little tincture of aconite in its drinking water. Let the diet be nourishing, and avoid such things as will tax the bird's digestion. Should the cough be persistent, relief will be found by administering a little olive oil or glycerine.

Roup is a common and troublesome disease. The eyes and nostrils discharge a fluid of offensive smell, the face becomes swelled, and the fowl's health is run down.

Give it tonic pills of cayenne and pepper, and a few drops of sal volatile in a spoonful of water. If the nostrils show a tendency to close up altogether, hold the fowl above a jug of boiling water to which some vinegar has been added, so that it can inhale the steam. This will give it great relief. Then place the bird in a dry place, for probably the trouble arose from bad ventilation and damp.

N. POOLE.

A DOG HINT.

Dog fanciers frequently make a mistake in putting on their dog's collar too tightly.

The chief object of having a collar on a dog at all is, of course, to meet the requirements of the law, but there is also the advantage that in the case of a fight, the dog has some protection from the teeth of an adversary.

If the collar is just tight enough not to slip over the dog's head when pulled, it will be exactly right, and in the event of a fight it will offer a much greater obstacle to an attacker than it would if it were tight and stuck in one place all the time.

SMITH ON DOGS.

"What is this I hear about you, Smith?" said Williams. "You have been carrying off all the prizes at the local shows with your dog 'Sailor.' They tell me you have been feeding him upon some new food. What is it?" "Ah!" replied Smith, "you are like all the rest, you cannot understand what has caused the great difference in my dog, but I will tell you. It is nothing more or less than Molassine Dog Cakes. You know what a poor looking animal he used to be—well, a friend of mine told me that Molassine Dog Cakes would rid dogs of worms, keep their stomachs in healthy condition, and once they had Molassine Cakes they would not touch any others. I tried them, with the result that in less than a month my dog greatly improved in condition. He has plenty of go, his coat is in fine condition, and his skin clean. I got them from the Molassine Co., Ltd., 3, Tunnel Avenue, Greenwich, S.E., and they are simply wonderful."—ADVT.

THE OUTERMAN.

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE LOUNGE COAT OF 1909.

Fashion is an extraordinary thing. If you told a woman that there was such a thing as a prevailing fashion in men's attire, she would be inclined to disbelieve you, and yet each year has its distinctive style, and it is in the Spring, when more men order new suits than at any other time, that it becomes pronounced.

The lounge jacket, which is the article of clothing in which the fashion is most liable to change, and in which its vagaries affect most men, seems to be returning to the cut of some years ago.

The close-fitting waist and the full skirt are being modified, and the low roll and large display of lapel are disappearing. The slit of seven to ten inches at the back, and the centre seam remain.

Cuffs are mostly being made plain, with two or three buttons at the back, but we are still to be allowed the slight relief which a gauntlet cuff can give to the unlovely masculine sleeve.

Waistcoats are being made single-breasted, and no longer with a low-cut opening.

FASHIONABLE COLOURS.

As I have already stated, the fashionable colour this season is grey, and all sorts of variations on this theme are to be seen in the tailors' windows, with stripes and threads in them of all the colours of the rainbow.

But dark blue seems now to be coming into the field, and to be ranking almost as high in the popular favour. Blue worsteds with stripes of various colours introduced are prominent amongst the newest samples in the West End.

Brown and green of subdued shades are still in favour, and it is to be hoped that they will continue to be, for there are no colours so becoming to the average man, especially when worn with a white fancy waistcoat.

The mere man is getting more and more opportunity for displaying his taste in colour in his attire, and in summer waistcoats he can give his fancy free rein. This more or less newfound freedom is often sadly abused, but on the whole it adds to the brightness of the world in general, and is by no means to be regretted.

TIE-PINS.

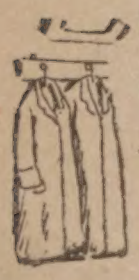
Many men who wear tie-pins make the mistake of wearing them too large, and so lose most of the smartness which a small and neat pin can give.

A gigantic gold horseshoe, or something of that sort, has no use unless your object is to proclaim yourself a horsey man.

The neatest and most fashionable pins are undoubtedly the plain gold one, the pearl-headed one, or one with a single small stone, preferably a turquoise.

For many purposes, for instance the fixing of a stock, the ordinary gold safety pin is better than a single tie-pin as it cannot work out of place.

If the single pin refuses to remain in the tie in spite of the corrugations usually to be found just below the head, the best remedy is to cut off a piece of cork and drive the point into it when the pin is in place, so that the cork is hidden beneath the spread of the tie or between the two ends thereof.



COTTON GLOVES.

Many men find leather gloves, even if they are of the lightest doeskin or suède, hot and uncomfortable to wear through the summer.

There is, however, an excellent substitute to be found in closely woven gloves of what I believe is called "Lisle thread." The cost may be anything from a shilling or one-and-sixpence to half-a-crown.

The cotton of which they are made is "mercerised," or passed between hot rollers, so that it has a glossy sheen like that of silk, and is soft to the touch.

In the more expensive gloves the stuff is so thick and close that it almost appears like leather and wears as long, while it is nevertheless cool and porous, so as to absorb perspiration and let in the air.

These cotton gloves also have the advantage that they can be washed again and again by simply putting them on and washing your hands in them in the ordinary way.

They are made in a large variety of shades, mostly greys and fawns, and you will be wise if you choose a colour similar to that in which leather gloves are made, not so much in order that they may be mistaken for what they are not, as to avoid an unusual appearance, and because these light colours are both fashionable and smart.

DEADLY CLOTHING.

Men escape many of the dangers from clothing which are so often run by women—usually through their own foolishness.

From the danger of fire which is involved by the wearing of muslin and flannelette, and of long trailing skirts, he is saved, as also from the danger of suffocation and of permanent injury to health and digestion which is often one of the risks necessary to the acquisition of a good feminine figure.

But a danger that still has to be guarded against is that of poisonous clothing.

It is not very long since a case was reported in which a boy was killed by wearing a pair of coloured socks, and in another case a man was severely poisoned by wearing a crimson neckkerchief.

I do not mean to say that all coloured socks are dangerous, but the cheaper kind, which are dyed with aniline, are so, for the colour comes off when the foot becomes hot, and the pores of the skin being open, it is absorbed into the system.

If when the socks are first washed, the colour comes out into the water, the socks are dangerous and to be avoided. If you are doubtful about the fastness of the dye, it is worth while having them washed before putting them on at all.

THE SET OF TROUSERS.

A correspondent asks me for a method of getting the trousers to set properly and to prevent them flapping about the ankles.

The trouble is probably due either to the cut of the trousers in the first instance, or to the fact that they are not braced to the correct height.

If the latter is the case, it is easily remedied. The braces require to be readjusted for each pair of trousers—a fact that many men overlook.

The ideal plan is to have a separate pair of braces for each pair of trousers, but, though the expense is not ruinous, this is no doubt a counsel of perfection.

If the trousers are badly cut, I know of no satisfactory remedy. Vigorous pressing will have some effect in keeping the trousers close to the ankle at the side, and if they are habitually worn turned up they should be made and pressed so.

The mattress of a bed, as I have explained before, makes an efficient substitute for a press.

It is always safest to insist on trying on the trousers with the rest of the suit, and to see that they set well at the ankle, being longer at the back than in front.

DINNER JACKETS.

The same correspondent asks "whether it is correct to wear a dinner jacket at a Banquet.

That is a question that is very difficult to answer without knowing the precise nature of the "Banquet," but the capital B inclines me to say "No."

If there are ladies present, of course, a dinner jacket is out of the question, but even if the company is exclusively masculine, full evening dress, with a white tie, will be more correct, unless the dinner is of a quite informal nature.

For club dinners and similar gatherings a jacket will be all that is required.

It is an excellent rule never to wear a dinner jacket with a white tie, and instinct usually tells when that is desirable.

THE HEAT OF HATS.

Some interesting experiments have recently been made with a view to discovering the relative power of the various types of hats to keep off the heat of the sun from the head of the wearer. The unhappy wretch on whom the experiments were made was made to sit in the sun for ten minutes at a stretch wearing a motor cap. Inside was a tiny thermometer which recorded the heat between the crown of the cap and his hair.

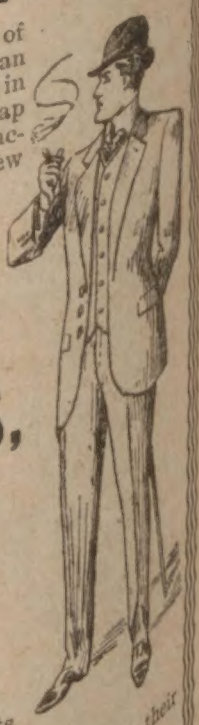
The temperature in the sun that day was 92 degrees, but inside this cap it was actually close on 100.

The experiment was repeated, this time with a policeman's helmet, the heat now being registered at 96 degrees. A tweed cap was only two degrees cooler, and it was not till a bowler was put on that the airspace between the headgear and the head was found to be as cool as the atmosphere.

Strangely enough the silk hat, which has been so roundly condemned, was found to be cooler than the bowler, the temperature being 88 degrees. Then came the straw hat with 89 degrees, and finally the Panama hat with 90 degrees.

Satisfactory, this, to the possessors of Panamas. But apparently the policeman has yet another burden upon his weary shoulders, or more correctly upon his head, for his case is worse even than that of the motorman, who has the cooling benefit of rapid passage through the air.

Distinctive Tailoring



not only stamps the man of culture and taste, but is an indispensable asset to success in life. A cheap suit looks cheap from the start and becomes practically unwearable after a few months' use—it also denotes a 'cheap' man. Nothing creates a more favourable impression than smartly-cut and well-fitting clothes; and the attention given in this respect

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All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a re

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enc to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without du money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment fo

DRESS.

Splendid Fancy Summer Waistcoats.—6s. each; various patterns; special value for money; send P.O. for 6s., and 4d. for carriage, stating size; money returned if not satisfied.—Box 193, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Tan Sheep "K" Spiral Legging (exclusive).—Cost 18s. 6d.; take 10s. 6d.; calf 14in.—Box 336, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Black Vienna Morning Coat Suit, also light Cashmere Trousers.—38 chest, 29½ leg; scarcely worn, 21s.; cost 60s.—Box 334, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Young gentleman clearing Wardrobe.—Excellent Vests, 3s. 6d., breast 33; Black Jacket, nearly new, 6s. 6d., breast 34, bargain; Trousers, 3s., waist 30½, leg 31½, pair Grey Breeches, calf 13½, 4s.—Box 369, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Twelve White Shirts (5 dress).—Collars 16½in.; all in perfect order throughout; each 1s. 6d.—Box 371, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Football Club wants good ground for next season, within 15-mile radius of London; Northern locality preferred, but not essential.—Give lowest terms and full particulars to Box 327, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells.—Practically new; sell 7s. 6d., with book of exercises.—Box 198, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Footballs.—6 for sale; by well-known maker; used two or three times only; going at 5s. each, or the 6 for 25s.—Box 349, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Revolver.—380 bore; cost 30s.; sell for 17s. 6d.—Box 333, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Bargain.—£3 10s. Course Physical Culture, with Patent Apparatus; will accept best offer.—Box 339, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Steel Ball-bearing Skates.—8s. 9d., owner had accident.—Mr. Richard, 127, Lichfield Road, Gt. Yarmouth.

Service Rifle Case.—Willesden canvas, with leather sling, 7s. 6d.; Gregory Bell, Orthoptics, 7s. 6d.; Jointed Cleaning Rod, 2s. 6d.—Box 359, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted.—Second-hand Riding Whip; ash handle preferred; state price.—Box 380, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Wanted.—Retrieving Spaniel Dog, for cash, and Retriever Bitch.—Box 376, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Harriers.—Well known South London Club want members.—Write for particulars to Box 350, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Tatcho

"WHEN I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair now. Look at the colour; isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters became enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the admiration of the entire lady world, writes that she uses nothing but 'Tatcho.'"

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims.

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and, under the name of the George R. Sims Company, is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

FOR YOUR HAIR.

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me.

Geo R Sims

Tatcho

AND THE ARMY AND NAVY SAY ABOUT THIS GREAT HAIR GROWER.

LADY POWELL ON "TATCHO."

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Lady Powell thinks "Tatcho" has been very beneficial, the falling off of hair having almost ceased, and Lady Powell anticipates very good results from "Tatcho." It is the nicest preparation for the hair, being Non-Oily and not perfumed as most lotions are.

Lady Powell

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When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying "Tatcho" I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend "Tatcho."

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Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is wonderful, and all to whom I recommend it praise it. I hope others have advised the use of "Tatcho" as I have.

E Perry Col Retd

THE NOVELIST "RITA."

I consider you have conferred a boon on members of the great human family by your discovery of "Tatcho." In my opinion it is the only remedy worthy the name of Hair Restorer.

Rita

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Lady Collins has been induced to try Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" owing to the fact that a near relative of hers used it for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick.

Lady Collins

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The COUPON

FOR A

4/6 Trial Bottle,

TATCHO.

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"TATCHO" COUPON.

Provided this Coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's Hair Grower "Tatcho," 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/10, post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

Dr Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer &c

M. M.